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PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE



PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN  
PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE  
IN THEIR DAY

TO WIT

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE, DANIEL BARTOLI,  
CHRISTOPHER SMART, GEORGE BUBB DOD-  
INGTON, FRANCIS FURINI, GERARD DE  
LAIRESSE, AND CHARLES AVISON

\*  
*INTRODUCED BY A DIALOGUE BETWEEN APOLLO AND THE  
FATES; CONCLUDED BY ANOTHER BETWEEN  
JOHN FUST AND HIS FRIENDS*

BY

ROBERT BROWNING



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
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1887

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ROBERT BROWNING.

Gift

W. L. Shoemaker

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IN MEMORIAM

J. MILSAND

OBIIT IV. SEPT. MDLXXXVI.

*Absens absentem auditque videtque.*





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# APOLLO AND THE FATES

A PROLOGUE



## APOLLO AND THE FATES

(Hymn. in Mercurium, v. 559. Eumenides, vv. 693-4, 697-8. Alcestis, vv. 12, 33.)

APOLLO. (*From above.*)

Flame at my footfall, Parnassus ! Apollo,  
Breaking ablaze on thy topmost peak,  
Burns thence, down to the depths — dread hollow —  
Haunt of the Dire Ones. Haste ! They wreak  
Wrath on Admetus whose respite I seek.

THE FATES. (*Below. Darkness.*)

Dragonwise couched in the womb of our Mother,  
Coiled at thy nourishing heart's core, Night !  
Dominant Dreads, we, one by the other,  
Deal to each mortal his dole of light  
On earth — the upper, the glad, the bright.

CLOTHO.

Even so : thus from my loaded spindle  
Plucking a pinch of the fleece, lo, " Birth "  
Brays from my bronze lip : life I kindle :  
Look, 't is a man ! go, measure on earth  
The minute thy portion, whatever its worth !

## LACHESIS.

Woe-purfl'd, weal-prankt, — if it speed, if it linger,  
 Life's substance and show are determin'd by me,  
 Who, meting out, mixing with sure thumb and finger,  
 Lead lock the due length: is all smoothness and glee,  
 All tangle and grief? Take the lot, my decree!

## ATROPOS.

— Which I make an end of: the smooth as the tangled  
 My shears cut asunder: each snap shrieks “One more  
 Mortal makes sport for us Moirai who dangled  
 The puppet grotesquely till earth's solid floor  
 Proved film he fell through, lost in Nought as before.”

## CLOTHO.

I spin thee a thread. Live, Admetus! Produce him!

## LACHESIS.

Go, — brave, wise, good, happy! Now chequer the thread!  
 He is slaved for, yet loved by a god. I unloose him  
 A goddess-sent plague. He has conquered, is wed,  
 Men crown him, he stands at the height, —

## ATROPOS.

He is . . .

APOLLO. (*Entering: Light.*)

“Dead?”

Nay, swart spinsters! So I surprise you  
Making and marring the fortunes of Man?  
Huddling — no marvel, your enemy eyes you —  
Head by head bat-like, blots under the ban  
Of daylight earth's blessing since time began!

THE FATES.

Back to thy blest earth, prying Apollo!  
Shaft upon shaft transpierce with thy beams  
Earth to the centre, — spare but this hollow  
Hewn out of Night's heart, where mystery seems  
Mewed from day's malice: wake earth from her dreams!

APOLLO.

Crones, 't is your dusk selves I startle from slumber:  
Day's god deposes you — queens Night-crowned!  
— Plying your trade in a world ye encumber,  
Fashioning Man's web of life — spun, wound,  
Left the length ye allot till a clip strews the ground!

Behold I bid truce to your doleful amusement —  
Annulled by a sunbeam!

THE FATES.

Boy, are not we peers?

## APOLLO.

You with the spindle grant birth : whose inducement  
But yours — with the niggardly digits — endears  
To mankind chance and change, good and evil ? Your shears . . .

## ATROPOS.

Ay, mine end the conflict : so much is no fable.  
We spin, draw to length, cut asunder : what then ?  
So it was, and so is, and so shall be : art able  
To alter life's law for ephemeral men ?

## APOLLO.

Nor able nor willing. To threescore and ten

Extend but the years of Admetus ! Disaster  
O'ertook me, and, banished by Zeus, I became  
A servant to one who forbore me though master :  
True lovers were we. Discontinue your game,  
Let him live whom I loved, then hate on, all the same !

## THE FATES.

And what if we granted — law-flouter, use-trampler —  
His life at the suit of an upstart ? Judge, thou —  
Of joy were it fuller, of span because ampler ?  
For love's sake, not hate's, end Admetus — ay, now —  
Not a gray hair on head, nor a wrinkle on brow !

For, boy, 't is illusion : from thee comes a glimmer  
 Transforming to beauty life blank at the best.  
 Withdraw — and how looks life at worst, when to shimmer  
 Succeeds the sure shade, and Man's lot frowns — confessed  
 Mere blackness chance-brightened ? Whereof shall attest

The truth this same mortal, the darling thou stylest,  
 Whom love would advantage, — eke out, day by day,  
 A life which 't is solely thyself reconcilest  
 Thy friend to endure, — life with hope : take away  
 Hope's gleam from Admetus, he spurns it. For, say —

What's infancy ? Ignorance, idleness, mischief :  
 Youth ripens to arrogance, foolishness, greed :  
 Age — impotence, churlishness, rancor : call *this* chief  
 Of boons for thy loved one ? Much rather bid speed  
 Our function, let live whom thou hatest indeed !

Persuade thee, bright boy-thing ! Our eld be instructive !

## APOLLO.

And certes youth owns the experience of age.  
 Ye hold then, grave seniors, my beams are productive  
 — They solely — of good that's mere semblance, engage  
 Man's eye — gilding evil, Man's true heritage ?

## THE FATES.

So, even so ! From without, — at due distance

If viewed, — set a-sparkle, reflecting thy rays, —  
 Life mimics the sun : but, withdraw such assistance,  
 The counterfeit goes, the reality stays —  
 An ice-ball disguised as a fire-orb.

APOLLO.

What craze

Possesses the fool then whose fancy conceits him  
 As happy ?

THE FATES.

Man happy ?

APOLLO.

If otherwise — solve  
 This doubt which besets me ! What friend ever greets him  
 Except with “ Live long as the seasons revolve,”  
 Not “ Death to thee straightway ” ? Your doctrines absolve

Such hailing from hatred : yet Man should know best.

He talks it, and glibly, as life were a load  
 Man fain would be rid of : when put to the test,  
 He whines “ Let it lie, leave me trudging the road  
 That is rugged so far, but methinks . . . ”

THE FATES.

Ay, 't is owed



To that glamour of thine, he bethinks him "Once past  
The stony, some patch, nay, a smoothness of sward  
Awaits my tired foot : life turns easy at last" —  
Thy largess so lures him, he looks for reward  
Of the labor and sorrow.

APOLLO.

It seems, then — debarred

Of illusion — (I needs must acknowledge the plea)  
Man desponds and despairs. Yet, — still further to draw  
Due profit from counsel, — suppose there should be  
Some power in himself, some compensative law  
By virtue of which, independently . . .

THE FATES.

Faugh!

Strength hid in the weakling!

What bowl-shape hast there,  
Thus laughingly proffered? A gift to our shrine?  
Thanks — worsted in argument! Not so? Declare  
Its purpose!

APOLLO.

I proffer earth's product, not mine.  
Taste, try, and approve Man's invention of — WINE!

THE FATES.

We feeding suck honeycombs.

APOLLO.

Sustenance meagre !

Such fare breeds the fumes that show all things amiss.  
Quaff wine, — how the spirits rise nimble and eager,  
Unscale the dim eyes ! To Man's cup grant one kiss  
Of your lip, then allow — no enchantment like this !

CLOTHO.

Unhook wings, unhood brows ! Dost hearken ?

LACHESIS.

I listen :

I see — smell the food these fond mortals prefer  
To our feast, the bee's bounty !

ATROPOS.

The thing leaps ! But — glisten  
Its best, I withstand it — unless all concur  
In adventure so novel.

APOLLO.

Ye drink ?

THE FATES.

We demur.

APOLLO.

Sweet Trine, be indulgent nor scout the contrivance

Of Man — Bacchus-prompted ! The juice, I uphold,  
Illuminates gloom without sunny connivance,

Turns fear into hope and makes cowardice bold, —  
Touching all that is leadlike in life turns it gold !

THE FATES.

Faith foolish as false !

APOLLO.

But essay it, soft sisters !

Then mock as ye may. Lift the chalice to lip !  
Good : thou next — and thou ! Seems the web, to you twisters  
Of life's yarn, so worthless ?

CLOTHO.

Who guessed that one sip  
Would impart such a lightness of limb ?

LACHESIS.

I could skip

In a trice from the pied to the plain in my woof !

What parts each from either ? A hair's breadth, no inch.  
Once learn the right method of stepping aloof,

Though on black next foot falls, firm I fix it, nor flinch,  
— Such my trust white succeeds !

ATROPOS.

One could live — at a pinch !

## APOLLO.

What, beldames? Earth's yield, by Man's skill, can effect  
Such a cure of sick sense that ye spy the relation  
Of evil to good? But drink deeper, correct  
Blar sight more convincingly still! Take your station  
Beside me, drain dregs! Now for edification!

Whose gift have ye gulped? Thank not me but my brother,  
Blithe Bacchus, our youngest of godships. 'T was he  
Found all boons to all men, by one god or other  
Already conceded, so judged there must be  
New guerdon to grace the new advent, you see!

Else how would a claim to Man's homage arise?  
The plan lay arranged of his mixed woe and weal,  
So disposed — such Zeus' will — with design to make wise  
The witless — that false things were mingled with real,  
Good with bad: such the lot whereto law set the seal.

Now, human of instinct — since Semele's son,  
Yet minded divinely — since fathered by Zeus,  
With nought Bacchus tampered, undid not things done,  
Owned wisdom anterior, would spare wont and use,  
Yet change — without shock to old rule — introduce.

Regard how your cavern from crag-tip to base  
Frowns sheer, height and depth adamantine, one death!

I rouse with a beam the whole rampart, displace  
No splinter — yet see how my flambeau, beneath  
And above, bids this gem wink, that crystal unsheathe !

Withdraw beam — disclosure once more Night forbids you  
Of spangle and sparkle — Day's chance-gift, surmised  
Rock's permanent birthright : my potency rids you  
No longer of darkness, yet light — recognized —  
Proves darkness a mask : day lives on though disguised.

If Bacchus by wine's aid avail so to fluster  
Your sense, that life's fact grows from adverse and thwart  
To helpful and kindly by means of a cluster —  
Mere hand-squeeze, earth's nature sublimed by Man's art —  
Shall Bacchus claim thanks wherein Zeus has no part ?

Zeus — wisdom anterior ? No, maids, be admonished !  
If morn's touch at base worked such wonders, much more  
Had noontide in absolute glory astonished  
Your den, filled a-top to o'erflowing. I pour  
No such mad confusion. 'Tis Man's to explore

Up and down, inch by inch, with the taper his reason :  
No torch, it suffices — held deftly and straight.  
Eyes, purblind at first, feel their way in due season,  
Accept good with bad, till unseemly debate  
Turns concord — despair, acquiescence in fate.

Who works this but Zeus? Are not instinct and impulse,  
 Not concept and incept his work through Man's soul  
 On Man's sense? Just as wine ere it reach brain must brim  
     pulse,  
 Zeus' flash stings the mind that speeds body to goal,  
 Bids pause at no part but press on, reach the whole.

For petty and poor is the part ye envisage  
 When — (quaff away, cummers!) — ye view, last and first,  
 As evil Man's earthly existence. Come! *Is* age,  
     *Is* infancy — manhood — so uninterspersed  
 With good — some faint sprinkle?

CLOTHO.

I'd speak if I durst.

APOLLO.

Draughts dregward loose tongue-tie.

LACHESIS.

I'd see, did no web

Set eyes somehow winking.

APOLLO.

Drains-deep lies their purge

— True collyrium!

ATROPOS.

Words, surging at high-tide, soon ebb  
 From starved ears.

## APOLLO.

Drink but down to the source, they resurge.

Join hands! Yours and yours too! A dance or a dirge?

## CHORUS.

Quashed be our quarrel. Sourly and smilingly,

Bare and gowned, bleached limbs and browned,

Drive we a dance, three and one, reconcilingly,

Thanks to the cup where dissension is drowned,

Defeat proves triumphant and slavery crowned.

Infancy? What if the rose-streak of morning

Pale and depart in a passion of tears?

Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning!

Love once — e'en love's disappointment endears!

A minute's success pays the failure of years.

Manhood — the actual? Nay, praise the potential!

(Bound upon bound, foot it around!)

What *is*? No, what *may* be — sing! that's Man's essential!

(Ramp, tramp, stamp and compound

Fancy with fact — the lost secret is found!)

Age? Why, fear ends there: the contest concluded,

Man *did* live his life, *did* escape from the fray:

Not scratchless but unscathed, he somehow eluded

Each blow fortune dealt him, and conquers to-day :  
To-morrow — new chance and fresh strength, — might we say ?

Laud then Man's life — no defeat but a triumph !

*[Explosion from the earth's centre.*

CLOTHO.

Ha, loose hands !

LACHESIS.

I reel in a swoond.

ATROPOS.

Horror yawns under me, while from on high — humph !

Lightnings astound, thunders resound,  
Vault-roof reverberates, groans the ground ! *[Silence.*

APOLLO.

I acknowledge.

THE FATES.

Hence, trickster ! Straight sobered are we !

The portent assures 't was our tongue spoke the truth,  
Not thine. While the vapor encompassed us three

We conceived and bore knowledge — a bantling uncouth,  
Old brains shudder back from : so — take it, rash youth !

Lick the lump into shape till a cry comes !



APOLLO.

I hear.

THE FATES.

Dumb music, dead eloquence ! Say it, or sing !  
What was quickened in us and thee also ?

APOLLO.

I fear.

THE FATES.

Half female, half male — go, ambiguous thing !  
While we speak — perchance sputter — pick up what we fling !

Known yet ignored, nor divined nor unguessed,  
Such is Man's law of life. Do we strive to declare  
What is ill, what is good in our spinning ? Worst, best,  
Change hues of a sudden : now here and now there  
Flits the sign which decides : all about yet nowhere.

'T is willed so, — that Man's life be lived, first to last,  
Up and down, through and through — not in portions, for-  
sooth,  
To pick and to choose from. Our shuttles fly fast,  
Weave living, not life sole and whole : as age — youth,  
So death completes living, shows life in its truth.

Man learningly lives : till death helps him — no lore !  
It is doom and must be. Dost submit ?

APOLLO.

I assent —

Concede but Admetus ! So much if no more

Of my prayer grant as peace-pledge ! Be gracious, though,  
blent,

Good and ill, love and hate streak your life-gift !

THE FATES.

Content !

Such boon we accord in due measure. Life's term

We lengthen should any be moved for love's sake  
To forego life's fulfilment, renounce in the germFruit mature — bliss or woe — either infinite. Take  
Or leave thy friend's lot : on his head be the stake !

APOLLO.

On mine, griesly gammers ! Admetus, I know thee !

Thou prizest the right these unwittingly give  
Thy subjects to rush, pay obedience they owe thee !Importunate one with another they strive  
For the glory to die that their king may survive.

Friends rush : and who first in all Pheræ appears

But thy father to serve as thy substitute ?

CLOTHO.

Bah!

APOLLO.

Ye wince? Then his mother, well stricken in years,  
Advances her claim — or his wife —

LACHESIS.

Tra-la-la!

APOLLO.

But he spurns the exchange, rather dies!

ATROPOS.

Ha, ha, ha!

[*Apollo ascends. Darkness.*]



I

WITH BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE



## WITH BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE.

### I.

Ay, this same midnight, by this chair of mine,  
Come and review thy counsels : art thou still  
Staunch to their teaching ? — not as fools opine  
Its purport might be, but as subtler skill  
Could, through turbidity, the loaded line  
Of logic casting, sound deep, deeper, till  
It touched a quietude and reached a shrine  
And recognized harmoniously combine  
Evil with good, and hailed truth's triumph — thine,  
Sage dead long since, Bernard de Mandeville !

### II.

Only, 't is no fresh knowledge that I crave,  
Fuller truth yet, new gainings from the grave ;  
Here we alive must needs deal fairly, turn  
To what account Man may Man's portion, learn  
Man's proper play with truth in part, before  
Entrusted with the whole. I ask no more  
Than smiling witness that I do my best

With doubtful doctrine : afterwards the rest !  
 So, silent face me while I think and speak !  
 A full disclosure ? Such would outrage law.  
 Law deals the same with soul and body : seek  
 Full truth my soul may, when some babe, I saw  
 A new-born weakling, starts up strong — not weak —  
 Man every whit, absolved from earning awe,  
 Pride, rapture, if the soul attains to wreak  
 Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,  
 As mind bids muscle — mind which long has striven,  
 Painfully urging body's impotence  
 To effort whereby — once law's barrier riven,  
 Life's rule abolished — body might dispense  
 With infancy's probation, straight be given  
 — Not by foiled darings, fond attempts back-driven,  
 Fine faults of growth, brave sins which saint when shriven —  
 To stand full-statured in magnificence.

## III.

No : as with body so deals law with soul  
 That's stung to strength through weakness, strives for good  
 Through evil, — earth its race-ground, heaven its goal,  
 Presumably : so far I understood  
 Thy teaching long ago. But what means this  
 — Objected by a mouth which yesterday  
 Was magisterial in antithesis  
 To half the truths we hold, or trust we may,



Though tremblingly the while? “No sign” — groaned he —  
“No stirring of God’s finger to denote  
He wills that right should have supremacy  
On earth, not wrong! How helpful could we quote  
But one poor instance when He interposed  
Promptly and surely and beyond mistake  
Between oppression and its victim, closed  
Accounts with sin for once, and bade us wake  
From our long dream that justice bears no sword,  
Or else forgets whereto its sharpness serves!  
So might we safely mock at what unnerves  
Faith now, be spared the sapping fear’s increase  
That haply evil’s strife with good shall cease  
Never on earth. Nay, after earth, comes peace  
Born out of life-long battle? Man’s lip curves  
With scorn: there, also, what if justice swerves  
From dealing doom, sets free by no swift stroke  
Right fettered here by wrong, but leaves life’s yoke —  
Death should loose man from — fresh laid, past release?”

## IV.

Bernard de Mandeville, confute for me  
This parlous friend who captured or set free  
Thunderbolts at his pleasure, yet would draw  
Back, panic-stricken by some puny straw  
Thy gold-rimmed amber-headed cane had whisked  
Out of his pathway if the object risked

Encounter, 'scaped thy kick from buckled shoe !  
 As when folks heard thee in old days pooh-pooh  
 Addison's tye-wig preachment, grant this friend —  
 (Whose groan I hear, with guffaugh at the end  
 Disposing of mock-melancholy) — grant  
 His bilious mood one potion, ministrant  
 Of homely wisdom, healthy wit ! For, hear !  
 “ With power and will, let preference appear  
 By intervention ever and aye, help good  
 When evil's mastery is understood  
 In some plain outrage, and triumphant wrong  
 Tramples weak right to nothingness : nay, long  
 Ere such sad consummation bring despair  
 To right's adherents, ah, what help it were  
 If wrong lay strangled in the birth — each head  
 Of the hatched monster promptly crushed, instead  
 Of spared to gather venom ! We require  
 No great experience that the inch-long worm,  
 Free of our heel, would grow to vomit fire,  
 And one day plague the world in dragon form.  
 So should wrong merely peep abroad to meet  
 Wrong's due quietus, leave our world's way safe  
 For honest walking.”

## V.

Sage, once more repeat  
 Instruction ! 'T is a sore to soothe not chafe.

Ah, Fabulist, what luck, could I contrive  
To coax from thee another "Grumbling Hive"!  
My friend himself wrote fables short and sweet:  
Ask him — "Suppose the Gardener of Man's ground  
Plants for a purpose, side by side with good,  
Evil — (and that He does so — look around!  
What does the field show?) — were it understood  
That purposely the noxious plant was found  
Vexing the virtuous, poison close to food,  
If, at first stealing-forth of life in stalk  
And leaflet-promise, quick His spud should baulk  
Evil from budding foliage, bearing fruit?  
Such timely treatment of the offending root  
Might strike the simple as wise husbandry,  
But swift sure extirpation scarce would suit  
Shrewder observers. Seed once sown thrives: why  
Frustrate its product, miss the quality  
Which sower binds himself to count upon?  
Had seed fulfilled the destined purpose, gone  
Unhindered up to harvest — what know I  
But proof were gained that every growth of good  
Sprang consequent on evil's neighborhood?"  
So said your shrewdness: true — so did not say  
That other sort of theorists who held  
Mere unintelligence prepared the way  
For either seed's upsprouting: you repelled  
Their notion that both kinds could sow themselves.

True ! but admit 't is understanding delves  
 And drops each germ, what else but folly thwarts  
 The doer's settled purpose ? Let the sage  
 Concede a use to evil, though there starts  
 Full many a burgeon thence, to disengage  
 With thumb and finger lest it spoil the yield  
 Too much of good's main tribute ! But our main  
 Tough-tendoned mandrake-monster — purge the field  
 Of him for once and all ? It follows plain  
 Who set him there to grow beholds repealed  
 His primal law : His ordinance proves vain :  
 And what beseems a king who cannot reign,  
 But to drop sceptre valid arm should wield ?

## VI.

“ Still there 's a parable ” — retorts my friend —  
 “ Shows agriculture with a difference !  
 What of the crop and weeds which solely blend  
 Because, once planted, none may pluck them thence ?  
 The Gardener contrived thus ? Vain pretence !  
 An enemy it was who unawares  
 Ruined the wheat by interspersing tares.  
 Where 's our desiderated forethought ? Where 's  
 Knowledge, where power and will in evidence ?  
 'T is Man's-play merely ! Craft foils rectitude,  
 Malignity defeats beneficence.  
 And grant, at very last of all, the feud

'Twixt good and evil ends, strange thoughts intrude  
Though good be garnered safely, and good's foe  
Bundled for burning. Thoughts steal: "Even so —  
Why grant tares leave to thus o'er-top, o'ertower  
Their field-mate, boast the stalk and flaunt the flower,  
Triumph one sunny minute? Knowledge, power,  
And will thus worked? Man's fancy makes the fault!  
Man, with the narrow mind, must cram inside  
His finite God's infinitude, — earth's vault  
He bids comprise the heavenly far and wide,  
Since Man may claim a right to understand  
What passes understanding. So, succinct  
And trimly set in order, to be scanned  
And scrutinized, lo — the divine lies linked  
Fast to the human, free to move as moves  
Its proper match: awhile they keep the grooves,  
Discreetly side by side together pace,  
Till sudden comes a stumble incident  
Likely enough to Man's weak-footed race,  
And he discovers — wings in rudiment,  
Such as he boasts, which full-grown, free-distent  
Would lift him skyward, fail of flight while pent  
Within humanity's restricted space.  
Abjure each fond attempt to represent  
The formless, the illimitable! Trace  
No outline, try no hint of human face  
Or form or hand!"

## VII.

Friend, here's a tracing meant

To help a guess at truth you never knew.

Bend but those eyes now, using mind's eye too,

And note — sufficient for all purposes —

The ground-plan — map you long have yearned for — yes,

Made out in markings — more what artist can ? —

Goethe's Estate in Weimar, — just a plan !

*A* is the House, and *B* the Garden-gate,

And *C* the Grass-plot — you've the whole estate

Letter by letter, down to *Y* the Pond,

And *Z* the Pig-stye. Do you look beyond

The algebraic signs, and captious say

“ Is *A* the House ? But where's the Roof to *A*,

Where's Door, where's Window ? Needs must House have  
such ! ”

Ay, that were folly. Why so very much

More foolish than our mortal purblind way

Of seeking in the symbol no mere point

To guide our gaze through what were else inane,

But things — their solid selves ? “ Is, joint by joint,

Orion man-like, — as these dots explain

His constellation ? Flesh composed of suns —

How can such be ? ” exclaim the simple ones.

Look through the sign to the thing signified —

Shown nowise, point by point at best descried,

Each an orb's topmost sparkle : all beside  
Its shine is shadow : turn the orb one jot —  
Up flies the new flash to reveal 't was not  
The whole sphere late flamboyant in your ken !

## VIII.

“ What need of symbolizing ? Fitlier men  
Would take on tongue facts — few and faint and far,  
Still facts not fancies : quite enough they are,  
That Power, that Knowledge, and that Will, — add then  
Immensity, Eternity : these jar  
Nowise with our permitted thought and speech.  
Why human attributes ? ”

A myth may teach :

Only, who better would expound it thus  
Must be Euripides not Æschylus.

## IX.

Boundingly up through Night's wall dense and dark,  
Embattled crags and clouds, out-broke the Sun  
Above the conscious earth, and one by one  
Her heights and depths absorbed to the last spark  
His fluid glory, from the far fine ridge  
Of mountain-granite which, transformed to gold,  
Laughed first the thanks back, to the vale's dusk fold  
On fold of vapor-swathing, like a bridge  
Shattered beneath some giant's stamp. Night wist

Her work done and betook herself in mist  
 To marsh and hollow, there to bide her time  
 Blindly in acquiescence. Everywhere  
 Did earth acknowledge Sun's embrace sublime,  
 Thrilling her to the heart of things : since there  
 No ore ran liquid, no spar branched anew,  
 No arrowy crystal gleamed, but straightway grew  
 Glad through the inrush — glad nor more nor less  
 Than, 'neath his gaze, forest and wilderness,  
 Hill, dale, land, sea, the whole vast stretch and spread,  
 The universal world of creatures bred  
 By Sun's munificence, alike gave praise —  
 All creatures but one only : gaze for gaze,  
 Joyless and thankless, who — all scowling can —  
 Protests against the innumerable praises? Man,  
 Sullen and silent.

Stand thou forth then, state  
 Thy wrong, thou sole aggrieved — disconsolate —  
 While every beast, bird, reptile, insect, gay  
 And glad acknowledges the bounteous day !

## X.

Man speaks now : “ What avails Sun's earth-felt thrill  
 To me ? Sun penetrates the ore, the plant —  
 They feel and grow : perchance with subtler skill  
 He interfuses fly, worm, brute, until  
 Each favored object pays life's ministrant



By pressing, in obedience to his will,  
Up to completion of the task prescribed,  
So stands and stays a type. Myself imbibed  
Such influence also, stood and stand complete —  
The perfect Man, — head, body, hands and feet,  
True to the pattern : but does that suffice ?  
How of my superadded mind which needs  
— Not to be, simply, but to do, and pleads  
For — more than knowledge that by some device  
Sun quickens matter : mind is nobly fain  
To realize the marvel, make — for sense  
As mind — the unseen visible, condense  
— Myself — Sun's all-pervading influence  
So as to serve the needs of mind, explain  
What now perplexes. Let the oak increase  
His corrugated strength on strength, the palm  
Lift joint by joint her fan-fruit, ball and balm, —  
Let the coiled serpent bask in bloated peace, —  
The eagle, like some skyey derelict,  
Drift in the blue, suspended, glorying, —  
The lion lord it by the desert-spring, —  
What know or care they of the power which pricked  
Nothingness to perfection ? I, instead,  
When all-developed still am found a thing  
All-incomplete : for what though flesh had force  
Transcending theirs — hands able to unring  
The tightened snake's coil, eyes that could outcourse

The eagle's soaring, voice whereat the king  
Of carnage couched discrowned? Mind seeks to see,  
Touch, understand, by mind inside of me,  
The outside mind — whose quickening I attain  
To recognize — I only. All in vain  
Would mind address itself to render plain  
The nature of the essence. Drag what lurks  
Behind the operation — that which works  
Latently everywhere by outward proof —  
Drag that mind forth to face mine? No! aloof  
I solely crave that one of all the beams  
Which do Sun's work in darkness, at my will  
Should operate — myself for once have skill  
To realize the energy which streams  
Flooding the universe. Above, around,  
Beneath — why mocks that mind my own thus found  
Simply of service, when the world grows dark,  
To half-surmise — were Sun's use understood,  
I might demonstrate him supplying food,  
Warmth, life, no less the while? To grant one spark  
Myself may deal with — make it thaw my blood  
And prompt my steps, were truer to the mark  
Of mind's requirement than a half-surmise  
That somehow secretly is operant  
A power all matter feels, mind only tries  
To comprehend! Once more — no idle vaunt  
'Man comprehends the Sun's self!' Mysteries

At source why probe into? Enough: display,  
Make demonstrable, how, by night as day,  
Earth's centre and sky's outspan, all's informed  
Equally by Sun's efflux! — source from whence  
If just one spark I drew, full evidence  
Were mine of fire ineffably enthroned —  
Sun's self made palpable to Man!"

## XI.

Thus moaned  
Man till Prometheus helped him, — as we learn, —  
Offered an artifice whereby he drew  
Sun's rays into a focus, — plain and true,  
The very Sun in little: made fire burn  
And henceforth do Man service — glass-conglobed  
Though to a pin-point circle — all the same  
Comprising the Sun's self, but Sun disrobed  
Of that else-unconceived essential flame  
Borne by no naked sight. Shall mind's eye strive  
Achingly to companion as it may  
The supersubtle effluence, and contrive  
To follow beam and beam upon their way  
Hand-breadth by hand-breadth, till sense faint — confessed  
Frustrate, eluded by unknown unguessed  
Infinitude of action? Idle quest!  
Rather ask aid from optics. Sense, descry  
The spectrum — mind, infer immensity!

Little? In little, light, warmth, life are blessed —  
Which, in the large, who sees to bless? Not I  
More than yourself: so, good my friend, keep still  
Trustful with — me? with thee, sage Mandeville!

II

WITH DANIEL BARTOLI



## WITH DANIEL BARTOLI.\*

### I.

Don, the divinest women that have walked  
Our world were scarce those saints of whom we talked.  
My saint, for instance — worship if you will !  
'T is pity poets need historians' skill :  
What legendary's worth a chronicle ?

### II.

Come, now ! A great lord once upon a time  
Visited — oh a king, of kings the prime,  
To sign a treaty such as never was :  
For the king's minister had brought to pass  
That this same duke — so style him — must engage  
Two of his dukedoms as an heritage

\* A learned and ingenious writer. “ Fu Gesuita e Storico della Compagnia ; onde scrisse lunghissime storie, le quali sarebbero lette se non fossero ripiene traboccanti di tutte le superstizioni. . . Egli vi ha ficcati dentro tanti miracoloni, che diviene una noia insopportabile a chiunque voglia leggere quelle storie : e anche a me, non mi bastò l' animo di proseguire molto avanti.” — ANGELO CERUTTI.

After his death to this exorbitant  
Craver of kingship. "Let who lacks go scant,  
Who owns much, give the more to!" Why rebuke?  
So bids the devil, so obeys the duke.

## III.

Now, as it happened, at his sister's house  
— Duchess herself — indeed the very spouse  
Of the king's uncle, — while the deed of gift  
Whereby our duke should cut his rights adrift  
Was drawing, getting ripe to sign and seal —  
What does the frozen heart but uncongeal  
And, shaming his transcendent kin and kith,  
Whom do the duke's eyes make acquaintance with?  
A girl. "What, sister, may this wonder be?"  
"Nobody! Good as beautiful is she,  
With gifts that match her goodness, no faint flaw  
I' the white: she were the pearl you think you saw,  
But that she is — what corresponds to white?  
Some other stone, the true pearl's opposite,  
As cheap as pearls are costly. She's — now, guess  
Her parentage! Once — twice — thrice? Foiled, confess!  
Drugs, duke, her father deals in — faugh, the scents! —  
Manna and senna — such medicaments  
For payment he compounds you. Stay — stay — stay!  
I'll have no rude speech wrong her! Whither away,  
The hot-head? Ah, the 'scape-grace! She deserves



Respect — compassion, rather ! Right it serves  
My folly, trusting secrets to a fool !  
Already at it, is he ? She keeps cool —  
Helped by her fan's spread. Well, our state atones  
For thus much license, and words break no bones !”  
(Hearts, though, sometimes.)

## IV.

Next morn 't was “ Reason, rate,  
Rave, sister, on till doomsday ! Sure as fate,  
I wed that woman — what a woman is  
Now that I know, who never knew till this !”  
So swore the duke. “ I wed her : once again —  
Rave, rate, and reason — spend your breath in vain !”

## V.

At once was made a contract firm and fast,  
Published the banns were, only marriage, last,  
Required completion when the Church's rite  
Should bless and bid depart, make happy quite  
The coupled man and wife forevermore :  
Which rite was soon to follow. Just before —  
All things at all but end — the folk o' the bride  
Flocked to a summons. Pomp the duke defied :  
“ Of ceremony — so much as empowers,  
Nought that exceeds, suits best a tie like ours —”  
He smiled — “ all else were mere futility.

We vow, God hears us : God and you and I —  
 Let the world keep at distance ! This is why  
 We choose the simplest forms that serve to bind  
 Lover and lover of the human kind,  
 No care of what degree — of kings or clowns —  
 Come blood and breeding. Courtly smiles and frowns  
 Miss of their mark, would idly soothe or strike  
 My style and yours — in one style merged alike —  
 God's man and woman merely. Long ago  
 'T was rounded in my ears ' Duke, wherefore slow  
 To use a privilege ? Needs must one who reigns  
 Pay reigning's due : since statecraft so ordains —  
 Wed for the commonweal's sake ! law prescribes  
 One wife : but to submission license bribes  
 Unruly nature : mistresses accept  
 — Well, at discretion ! ' Prove I so inept  
 A scholar, thus instructed ? Dearest, be  
 Wife and all mistresses in one to me,  
 Now, henceforth, and forever ! " So smiled he.

## VI.

Good : but the minister, the crafty one,  
 Got ear of what was doing — all but done —  
 Not sooner, though, than the king's very self,  
 Warned by the sister on how sheer a shelf  
 Royalty's ship was like to split. " I bar  
 The abomination ! Mix with muck my star ?

Shall earth behold prodigiously enorbed  
An upstart marsh-born meteor sun-absorbed ?  
Nuptial me no such nuptials ! ” “ Past dispute,  
Majesty speaks with wisdom absolute,”  
Admired the minister : “ yet, all the same,  
I would we may not — while we play his game,  
The ducal meteor’s — also lose our own,  
• The solar monarch’s : we relieve your throne  
Of an ungracious presence, like enough :  
Baulked of his project he departs in huff,  
And so cuts short — dare I remind the king ? —  
Our not so unsuccessful bargaining.  
The contract for eventual heritage  
Happens to *pari passu* reach the stage  
Attained by just this other contract, — each  
Unfixed by signature though fast in speech.  
Off goes the duke in dudgeon — off withal  
Go with him his two dukedoms past recall.  
You save a fool from tasting folly’s fruit,  
Obtain small thanks thereby, and lose to boot  
Sagacity’s reward. The jest is grim :  
The man will mulct you — for amercing him ?  
Nay, for . . . permit a poor similitude !  
A witless wight in some fantastic mood  
Would drown himself : you plunge into the wave,  
Pluck forth the undeserving : he, you save,  
Pulls you clean under also for your pains.

Sire, little need that I should tax my brains  
To help your inspiration !” “ Let him sink !  
Always contriving ” — hints the royal wink —  
“ To keep ourselves dry while we claim his clothes.”

## VII.

Next day, the appointed day for plighting troths  
At eve, — so little time to lose, you see,  
Before the Church should weld indissolubly  
Bond into bond, wed these who, side by side,  
Sit each by other, bold groom, blushing bride, —  
At the preliminary banquet, graced  
By all the lady’s kinsfolk come in haste  
To share her triumph, — lo, a thunderclap !  
“ Who importunes now ? ” “ Such is my mishap —  
In the king’s name ! No need that any stir  
Except this lady ! ” bids the minister :  
“ With her I claim a word apart, no more :  
For who gainsays — a guard is at the door.  
Hold, duke ! Submit you, lady, as I bow  
To him whose mouthpiece speaks his pleasure now !  
It well may happen I no whit arrest  
Your marriage : be it so, — we hope the best !  
By your leave, gentles ! Lady, pray you, hence !  
Duke, with my soul and body’s deference ! ”

## VIII.

Doors shut, mouth opens and persuasion flows  
Copiously forth. "What flesh shall dare oppose  
The king's command? The matter in debate  
— How plain it is! Yourself shall arbitrate,  
Determine. Since the duke affects to rate  
His prize in you beyond all goods of earth,  
Accounts as nought old gains of rank and birth,  
Ancestral obligation, recent fame,  
(We know his feats) — nay, ventures to disclaim  
Our will and pleasure almost — by report —  
Waives in your favor dukeliness, in short, —  
We — ('t is the king speaks) — who might forthwith stay  
Such suicidal purpose, brush away  
A bad example shame would else record, —  
Lean to indulgence rather. At his word  
We take the duke: allow him to complete  
The cession of his dukedoms, leave our feet  
Their footstool when his own head, safe in vault,  
Sleeps sound. Nay, would the duke repair his fault  
Handsomely, and our forfeited esteem  
Recover, — what if wisely he redeem  
The past, — in earnest of good faith, at once  
Give us such jurisdiction for the nonce  
As may suffice — prevent occasion slip —  
And constitute our actual ownership?

Concede this — straightway be the marriage blessed  
By warrant of this paper ! Things at rest,  
This paper duly signed, down drops the bar,  
To-morrow you become — from what you are,  
The druggist's daughter — not the duke's mere spouse,  
But the king's own adopted : heart and house  
Open to you — the idol of a court  
' Which heaven might copy ' — sing our poet-sort.  
In this emergency, on you depends  
The issue : plead what bliss the king intends !  
Should the duke frown, should arguments and prayers,  
Nay, tears if need be, prove in vain, — who cares ?  
We leave the duke to his obduracy,  
Companionless, — you, madam, follow me  
Without, where divers of the body-guard  
Wait signal to enforce the king's award  
Of strict seclusion : over you at least  
Vibratingly the sceptre threats increased  
Precipitation ! How avert its crash ? ”

## IX.

“ Re-enter, sir ! A hand that 's calm, not rash,  
Averts it ! ” quietly the lady said.  
“ Yourself shall witness.”

At the table's head  
Where, mid the hushed guests, still the duke sat glued  
In blank bewilderment, his spouse pursued  
Her speech to end — syllabled quietude.

## X.

“ Duke, I, your duchess of a day, could take  
The hand you proffered me for love’s sole sake,  
Conscious my love matched yours ; as you, myself  
Would waive, when need were, all but love — from pelf  
To potency. What fortune brings about  
Haply in some far future, finds me out,  
Faces me on a sudden here and now.  
The better ! Read — if beating heart allow —  
Read this, and bid me rend to rags the shame !  
I and your conscience — hear and grant our claim !  
Never dare alienate God’s gift you hold  
Simply in trust for Him ! Choose muck for gold ?  
Could you so stumble in your choice, cajoled  
By what I count my least of worthiness  
— The youth, the beauty, — you renounce them — yes,  
With all that’s most too : love as well you lose,  
Slain by what slays in you the honor ! Choose !  
Dear — yet my husband — dare I love you yet ? ”

## XI.

How the duke’s wrath o’erboiled, — words, words, and yet  
More words, — I spare you such fool’s fever-fret.  
They were not of one sort at all, one size,  
As souls go — he and she. ’Tis said, the eyes  
Of all the lookers-on let tears fall fast.

The minister was mollified at last :

“Take a day, — two days even, ere through pride  
You perish, — two days’ counsel — then decide !”

## XII.

“If I shall save his honor and my soul ?

Husband, — this one last time, — you tear the scroll ?  
Farewell, duke ! Sir, I follow in your train !”

## XIII.

So she went forth : they never met again,  
The duke and she. The world paid compliment  
(Is it worth noting ?) when, next day, she sent  
Certain gifts back — “jewelry fit to deck  
Whom you call wife.” I know not round what neck  
They took to sparkling, in good time — weeks thence.

## XIV.

Of all which was a pleasant consequence,  
So much and no more — that a fervid youth,  
Big-hearted boy, — but ten years old, in truth, —  
Laid this to heart and loved, as boyhood can,  
The unduchessed lady : boy and lad grew man :  
He loved as man perchance may : did meanwhile  
Good soldier-service, managed to beguile  
The years, no few, until he found a chance :  
Then, as at trumpet-summons to advance,



Outbroke the love that stood at arms so long,  
Brooked no withstanding longer. They were wed.  
Whereon from camp and court alike he fled,  
Renounced the sun-king, dropped off into night,  
Lost evermore, a ruined satellite :  
And, oh, the exquisite deliciousness  
That lapped him in obscurity ! You guess  
Such joy is fugitive : she died full soon.  
He did his best to die — as sun, so moon  
Left him, turned dusk to darkness absolute.  
Failing of death — why, saintship seemed to suit :  
Yes, your sort, Don ! He trembled on the verge  
Of monkhood : trick of cowl and taste of scourge  
He tried : then, kicked not at the pricks perverse,  
But took again, for better or for worse,  
The old way in the world, and, much the same  
Man o' the outside, fairly played life's game.

## XV.

“ Now, Saint Scholastica, what time she fared  
In Paynimrie, behold, a lion glared  
Right in her path ! Her waist she promptly strips  
Of girdle, binds his teeth within his lips,  
And, leashed all lamblike, to the Soldan's court  
Leads him.” Ay, many a legend of the sort  
Do you praiseworthily authenticate :  
Spare me the rest. This much of no debate

Admits : my lady flourished in grand days  
 When to be duchess was to dance the hays  
 Up, down, across the heaven amid its host :  
 While to be hailed the sun's own self almost —  
 So close the kinship — was — was —

Saint, for this,

Be yours the feet I stoop to — kneel and kiss !  
 So human ? Then the mouth too, if you will !  
 Thanks to no legend but a chronicle.

XVI.

One leans to like the duke, too : up we'll patch  
 Some sort of saintship for him — not to match  
 Hers — but man's best and woman's worst amount  
 So nearly to the same thing, that we count  
 In man a miracle of faithfulness  
 If, while unfaithful somewhat, he lay stress  
 On the main fact that love, when love indeed,  
 Is wholly solely love from first to last —  
 Truth — all the rest a lie. Too likely, fast  
 Enough that necklace went to grace the throat  
 — Let's say, of such a dancer as makes doat  
 The senses when the soul is satisfied —  
*Trogalia*, say the Greeks — a sweetmeat tried  
 Approvingly by sated tongue and teeth,  
 Once body's proper meal consigned beneath  
 Such unconsidered munching.

## XVII.

Fancy's flight  
Makes me a listener when, some sleepless night,  
The duke reviewed his memories, and aghast  
Found that the Present intercepts the Past  
With such effect as when a cloud enwraps  
The moon and, moon-suffused, plays moon perhaps  
To who walks under, till comes, late or soon,  
A stumble : up he looks, and lo, the moon  
Calm, clear, convincingly herself once more !  
How could he 'scape the cloud that thrust between  
Him and effulgence ? Speak, fool — duke, I mean !

## XVIII.

“ Who bade you come, brisk-marching bold she-shape,  
A terror with those black-balled worlds of eyes,  
That black hair bristling solid-built from nape  
To crown it coils about ? O dread surmise !  
Take, tread on, trample under past escape  
Your capture, spoil and trophy ! Do — devise  
Insults for one who, fallen once, ne'er shall rise !  
“ Mock on, triumphant o'er the prostrate shame !  
Laugh ‘ Here lies he among the false to Love —  
Love's loyal liegeman once : the very same  
Who, scorning his weak fellows, towered above

Inconstancy : yet why his faith defame ?

Our eagle's victor was at least no dove,  
No dwarfish knight picked up our giant's glove —

“ ‘ When, putting prowess to the proof, faith urged  
Her champion to the challenge : had it chanced  
That merely virtue, wisdom, beauty — merged  
All in one woman — merely these advanced  
Their claim to conquest, — hardly had he purged  
His mind of memories, dearnesses enhanced  
Rather than harmed by death, nor, disentranced,

“ ‘ Promptly had he abjured the old pretence  
To prove his kind's superior — first to last  
Display erect on his heart's eminence  
An altar to the never-dying Past.  
For such feat faith might boast fit play of fence  
And easily disarm the iconoclast  
Called virtue, wisdom, beauty : impudence

“ ‘ Fought in their stead, and how could faith but fall ?  
There came a bold she-shape brisk-marching, bent  
No inch of her imperious stature, tall  
As some war-engine from whose top was sent  
One shattering volley out of eye's black ball,  
And prone lay faith's defender ! ’ Mockery spent ?  
Malice discharged in full ? In that event,

“ My queenly impudence, I cover close,  
I wrap me round with love of your black hair,  
Black eyes, black every wicked inch of those  
Limbs’ war-tower tallness : so much truth lives there  
’Neath the dead heap of lies. And yet — who knows ?  
What if such things are ? No less, such things were.  
Then was the man your match whom now you dare

“ Treat as existent still. A second truth !  
They held — this heap of lies you rightly scorn —  
A man who had approved himself in youth  
More than a match for — you ? for sea-foam-born  
Venus herself : you conquer him forsooth ?  
’T is me his ghost : he died since left and lorn,  
As needs must Samson when his hair is shorn.

“ Some day, and soon, be sure himself will rise,  
Called into life by her who long ago  
Left his soul whiling time in flesh-disguise.  
Ghosts tired of waiting can play tricks, you know !  
Tread, trample me — such sport we ghosts devise,  
Waiting the morn-star’s reappearance — though  
You think we vanish scared by the cock’s crow.”



III

WITH CHRISTOPHER SMART





## WITH CHRISTOPHER SMART

### I.

It seems as if . . . or did the actual chance  
Startle me and perplex? Let truth be said!  
How might this happen? Dreaming, blindfold led  
By visionary hand, did soul's advance  
Precede my body's, gain inheritance  
Of fact by fancy — so that when I read  
At length with waking eyes your Song, instead  
Of mere bewilderment, with me first glance  
Was but full recognition that in trance  
Or merely thought's adventure some old day  
Of dim and done-with boyishness, or — well,  
Why might it not have been, the miracle  
Broke on me as I took my sober way  
Through veritable regions of our earth  
And made discovery, many a wondrous one?

### II.

Anyhow, fact or fancy, such its birth:  
I was exploring some huge house, had gone

Through room and room complacently, no dearth  
Anywhere of the signs of decent taste,  
Adequate culture : wealth had run to waste  
Nowise, nor penury was proved by stint :  
All showed the Golden Mean without a hint  
Of brave extravagance that breaks the rule.  
The master of the mansion was no fool  
Assuredly, no genius just as sure !  
Safe mediocrity had scorned the lure  
Of now too much and now too little cost,  
And satisfied me sight was never lost  
Of moderate design's accomplishment  
In calm completeness. On and on I went,  
With no more hope than fear of what came next,  
Till lo, I push a door, sudden uplift  
A hanging, enter, chance upon a shift  
Indeed of scene ! So — thus it is thou deck'st,  
High heaven, our low earth's brick-and-mortar work ?

## III.

It was the Chapel. That a star, from murk  
Which hid, should flashingly emerge at last,  
Were small surprise : but from broad day I passed  
Into a presence that turned shine to shade.  
There fronted me the Rafael Mother-Maid,  
Never to whom knelt votarist in shrine  
By Nature's bounty helped, by Art's divine

More varied — beauty with magnificence —  
Than this : from floor to roof one evidence  
Of how far earth may rival heaven. No niche  
Where glory was not prisoned to enrich  
Man's gaze with gold and gems, no space but glowed  
With color, gleamed with carving — hues which owed  
Their outburst to a brush the painter fed  
With rainbow-substance — rare shapes never wed  
To actual flesh and blood, which, brain-born once,  
Became the sculptor's dowry, Art's response  
To earth's despair. And all seemed old yet new :  
Youth, — in the marble's curve, the canvas' hue,  
Apparent, — wanted not the crowning thrill  
Of age the consecrator. Hands long still  
Had worked here — could it be, what lent them skill  
Retained a power to supervise, protect,  
Enforce new lessons with the old, connect  
Our life with theirs ? No merely modern touch  
Told me that here the artist, doing much,  
Elsewhere did more, perchance does better, lives —  
So needs must learn.

## IV.

Well, these provocatives  
Having fulfilled their office, forth I went  
Big with anticipation — well-nigh fear —  
Of what next room and next for startled eyes

Might have in store, surprise beyond surprise.  
Next room and next and next — what followed here?  
Why, nothing ! not one object to arrest  
My passage — everywhere too manifest  
The previous decent null and void of best  
And worst, mere ordinary right and fit,  
Calm commonplace which neither missed, nor hit  
Inch-high, inch-low, the placid mark proposed.

## V.

Armed with this instance, have I diagnosed  
Your case, my Christopher ? The man was sound  
And sane at starting : all at once the ground  
Gave way beneath his step, a certain smoke  
Curled up and caught him, or perhaps down broke  
A fireball wrapping flesh and spirit both  
In conflagration. Then — as heaven were loth  
To linger — let earth understand too well  
How heaven at need can operate — off fell  
The flame-robe, and the untransfigured man  
Resumed sobriety, — as he began,  
So did he end nor alter pace, not he !

## VI.

Now, what I fain would know is — could it be  
That he — whoe'er he was that furnished forth  
The Chapel, making thus, from South to North,

Rafael touch Leighton, Michelagnolo  
Join Watts, was found but once combining so  
The elder and the younger, taking stand  
On Art's supreme, — or that yourself who sang  
A Song where flute-breath silvers trumpet-clang,  
And stations you for once on either hand  
With Milton and with Keats, empowered to claim  
Affinity on just one point — (or blame  
Or praise my judgment, thus it fronts you full) —  
How came it you resume the void and null,  
Subside to insignificance, — live, die  
— Proved plainly two mere mortals who drew nigh  
One moment — that, to Art's best hierarchy,  
This, to the superhuman poet-pair ?  
What if, in one point only, then and there  
The otherwise all-unapproachable  
Allowed impingement ? Does the sphere pretend  
To span the cube's breadth, cover end to end !  
The plane with its embrace ? No, surely ! Still,  
Contact is contact, sphere's touch no whit less  
Than cube's superimposure. Such success  
Befell Smart only out of throngs between  
Milton and Keats that donned the singing-dress —  
Smart, solely of such songmen, pierced the screen  
'Twixt thing and word, lit language straight from soul, —  
Left no fine film-flake on the naked coal  
Live from the censer — shapely or uncouth,

Fire-suffused through and through, one blaze of truth  
Undeafened by a lie, — (you have my mind) —  
For, think ! this blaze outleapt with black behind  
And blank before, when Hayley and the rest . . .  
But let the dead successors worst and best  
Bury their dead : with life be my concern —  
Yours with the fire-flame : what I fain would learn  
Is just — (suppose me haply ignorant  
Down to the common knowledge, doctors vaunt)  
Just this — why only once the fire-flame was :  
No matter if the marvel came to pass  
The way folks judged — if power too long suppressed  
Broke loose and maddened, as the vulgar guessed,  
Or simply brain-disorder (doctors said),  
A turmoil of the particles disturbed,  
Brain's workaday performance in your head,  
Spurred spirit to wild action health had curbed, ·  
And so verse issued in a cataract  
Whence prose, before and after, unperturbed  
Was wont to wend its way. Concede the fact  
That here a poet was who always could —  
Never before did — never after would —  
Achieve the feat : how were such fact explained ?

## VII.

Was it that when, by rarest chance, there fell  
Disguise from Nature, so that Truth remained

Naked, and whoso saw for once could tell  
Us others of her majesty and might  
In large, her lovelinesses infinite  
In little, — straight you used the power wherewith  
Sense, penetrating as through rind to pith  
Each object, thoroughly revealed might view  
And comprehend the old things thus made new,  
So that while eye saw, soul to tongue could trust  
Thing which struck word out, and once more adjust  
Real vision to right language, till heaven's vault  
Pompous with sunset, storm-stirred sea's assault  
On the swilled rock-ridge, earth's embosomed brood  
Of tree and flower and weed, with all the life  
That flies or swims or crawls, in peace or strife,  
Above, below, — each had its note and name  
For Man to know by, — Man who, now — the same  
As erst in Eden, needs that all he sees  
Be named him ere he note by what degrees  
Of strength and beauty to its end Design  
Ever thus operates — (your thought and mine,  
No matter for the many dissident) —  
So did you sing your Song, so truth found vent  
In words for once with you?

## VIII.

Then — back was furled  
The robe thus thrown aside, and straight the world

Darkened into the old oft-catalogued  
Repository of things that sky, wave, land,  
Or show or hide, clear late, accretion-clogged  
Now, just as long ago, by tellings and  
Retellings to satiety, which strike  
Muffled upon the ear's drum. Very like  
None was so startled as yourself when friends  
Came, hailed your fast-returning wits: "Health mends  
Importantly, for — to be plain with you —  
This scribble on the wall was done — in lieu  
Of pen and paper — with — ha, ha! — your key  
Denting it on the wainscot! Do you see  
How wise our caution was? Thus much we stopped  
Of babble that had else grown print: and lopped  
From your trim bay-tree this unsightly bough —  
Smart's who translated Horace! Write us now" . . .  
Why, what Smart did write — never afterward  
One line to show that he, who paced the sward,  
Had reached the zenith from his madhouse cell.

## IX.

Was it because you judged (I know full well  
You never had the fancy) — judged — as some —  
That who makes poetry must reproduce  
Thus ever and thus only, as they come,  
Each strength, each beauty, everywhere diffuse  
Throughout creation, so that eye and ear,



Seeing and hearing, straight shall recognize,  
At touch of just a trait, the strength appear, —  
Suggested by a line's lapse see arise  
All evident the beauty, — fresh surprise  
Startling at fresh achievement? "So, indeed,  
Wallows the whale's bulk in the waste of brine,  
Nor otherwise its feather-tufts make fine  
Wild Virgin's Bower when stars faint off to seed!"  
(My prose — your poetry I dare not give,  
Purpling too much my mere gray argument.)  
— Was it because you judged — when fugitive  
Was glory found, and wholly gone and spent  
Such power of startling up deaf ear, blind eye,  
At truth's appearance, — that you humbly bent  
The head and, bidding vivid work good-by,  
Doffed lyric dress and trod the world once more  
A drab-clothed decent proseman as before?  
Strengths, beauties, by one word's flash thus laid bare  
— That was effectual service: made aware  
Of strengths and beauties, Man but hears the text,  
Awaits your teaching. Nature? What comes next?  
Why all the strength and beauty? — to be shown  
Thus in one word's flash, thenceforth let alone  
By Man who needs must deal with aught that's known  
Never so lately and so little? Friend,  
First give us knowledge, then appoint its use!  
Strength, beauty are the means: ignore their end?

As well you stopped at proving how profuse  
Stones, sticks, nay stubble lie to left and right  
Ready to help the builder, — careless quite  
If he should take, or leave the same to strew  
Earth idly, — as by word's flash bring in view  
Strength, beauty, then bid who beholds the same  
Go on beholding. Why gains unemployed?  
Nature was made to be by Man enjoyed  
First; followed duly by enjoyment's fruit,  
Instruction — haply leaving joy behind :  
And you, the instructor, would you slack pursuit  
Of the main prize, as poet help mankind  
Just to enjoy, there leave them? Play the fool,  
Abjuring a superior privilege?  
Please simply when your function is to rule —  
By thought incite to deed? From edge to edge  
Of earth's round, strength and beauty everywhere  
Pullulate — and must you particularize  
All, each and every apparition? Spare  
Yourself and us the trouble! Ears and eyes  
Want so much strength and beauty, and no less  
Nor more, to learn life's lesson by. Oh, yes —  
The other method's favored in our day!  
The end ere the beginning: as you may  
Master the heavens before you study earth,  
Make you familiar with the meteor's birth  
Ere you descend to scrutinize the rose!

I say, o'erstep no least one of the rows  
That lead man from the bottom where he plants  
Foot first of all, to life's last ladder-top :  
Arrived there, vain enough will seem the vaunts  
Of those who say — " We scale the skies, then drop  
To earth — to find, how all things there are loth  
To answer heavenly law : we understand  
The meteor's course, and lo, the rose's growth —  
How other than should be by law's command ! "   
Would not you tell such — " Friends, beware lest fume  
Offuscate sense : learn earth first ere presume  
To teach heaven legislation. Law must be  
Active in earth or nowhere : earth you see, —  
Or there or not at all, Will, Power and Love  
Admit discovery, — as below, above  
Seek next law's confirmation ! But reverse  
The order, where 's the wonder things grow worse  
Than, by the law your fancy formulates,  
They should be ? Cease from anger at the fates  
Which thwart themselves so madly. Live and learn,  
Not first learn and then live, is our concern.



IV

WITH GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON



## WITH GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON

### I.

Ah, George Bubb Dodington Lord Melcombe, — no,  
Yours was the wrong way! — always understand,  
Supposing that permissibly you planned  
How statesmanship — your trade — in outward show  
Might figure as inspired by simple zeal  
For serving country, king and commonweal,  
(Though service tire to death the body, tease  
The soul from out an o'ertasked patriot-drudge)  
And yet should prove zeal's outward show agrees  
In all respects — right reason being judge —  
With inward care that, while the statesman spends  
Body and soul thus freely for the sake  
Of public good, his private welfare take  
No harm by such devotedness. Intends  
Scripture aught else — let captious folk enquire —  
Which teaches “ Laborers deserve their hire,  
And who neglects his household bears the bell  
Away of sinning from an infidel ”?  
Wiselier would fools that carp bestow a thought

How birds build nests ; at outside, roughly wrought,  
Twig knots with twig, loam plasters up each chink,  
Leaving the inmate rudely lodged — you think?  
Peep but inside ! That specious rude-and-rough  
Covers a domicile where downy fluff  
Embeds the ease-deserving architect,  
Who toiled and moiled not merely to effect  
’Twixt sprig and spray a stop-gap in the teeth  
Of wind and weather, guard what swung beneath  
From upset only, but contrived himself  
A snug interior, warm and soft and sleek.  
Of what material? Oh, for that, you seek  
How nature prompts each volatile ! Thus — pelf  
Smoothens the human mudlark’s lodging, power  
Demands some hardier wrappage to embrace  
Robuster heart-beats : rock, not tree nor tower,  
Contents the building eagle : rook shoves close  
To brother rook on branch, while crow morose  
Apart keeps balance perched on topmost bough.  
No sort of bird but suits his taste somehow :  
Nay, Darwin tells of such as love the bower —  
His bower-birds opportunely yield us yet  
The lacking instance when at loss to get  
A feathered parallel to what we find  
The secret motor of some mighty mind  
That worked such wonders — all for vanity !  
Worked them to haply figure in the eye



Of intimates as first of — doers' kind ?  
Actors', that work in earnest sportively,  
Paid by a sourish smile. How says the Sage ?  
Birds born to strut prepare a platform-stage  
With sparkling stones and speckled shells, all sorts  
Of sliny rubbish, odds and ends and orts,  
Whereon to pose and posture and engage  
The priceless female simper.

## II.

I have gone  
Thus into detail, George Bubb Dodington,  
Lest, when I take you presently to task  
For the wrong way of working, you should ask  
“ What fool conjectures that profession means  
Performance ? that who goes behind the scenes  
Finds, — acting over, — still the soot-stuff screens  
Othello's visage, still the self-same cloak's  
Bugle-bright-blackness half reveals half chokes  
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since ?  
No, each resumes his garb, stands — Moor or prince —  
Decently draped : just so with statesmanship !  
All outside show, in short, is sham — why wince ?  
Concede me — while our parley lasts ! You trip  
Afterwards — lay but this to heart ! (there lurks  
Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks  
Somewhat the spriteliest-scheming brain that's bent

On brave adventure, would but heart consent !)  
— Here trip you, that — your aim allowed as right —  
Your means thereto were wrong. Come, we, this night,  
Profess one purpose, hold one principle,  
Are at odds only as to — not the will  
But way of winning solace for ourselves  
— No matter if the ore for which zeal delves  
Be gold or coprolite, while zeal's pretence  
Is — we do good to men at — whose expense  
But ours? who tire the body, tease the soul,  
Simply that, running, we may reach fame's goal  
And wreathe at last our brows with bay — the State's  
Disinterested slaves, nay — please the Fates —  
Saviors and nothing less : such lot has been !  
Statesmanship triumphs pedestalled, serene, —  
O happy consummation ! — brought about  
By managing with skill the rabble-rout  
For which we labor (never mind the name —  
People or populace, for praise or blame)  
Making them understand — their heaven, their hell,  
Their every hope and fear is ours as well.  
Man's cause — what other can we have at heart ?  
Whence follows that the necessary part  
High o'er Man's head we play, — and freelier breathe  
Just that the multitude which gasps beneath  
May reach the level where unstifled stand  
Ourselves at vantage to put forth a hand,

Assist the prostrate public. 'Tis by right  
Merely of such pretence, we reach the height  
Where storms abound, to brave — nay, court their stress,  
Though all too well aware — of pomp the less,  
Of peace the more ! But who are we, to spurn  
For peace' sake, duty's pointing ? Up, then — earn  
Albeit no prize we may but martyrdom !  
Now, such fit height to launch salvation from,  
How get and gain ? Since help must needs be craved  
By would-be saviors of the else-unsaved,  
How coax them to co-operate, lend lift,  
Kneel down and let us mount ?

## III.

You say " Make shift  
By sham — the harsh word : preach and teach, persuade  
Somehow the Public — not despising aid  
Of salutary artifice — we seek  
Solely their good : our strength would raise the weak,  
Our cultivated knowledge supplement  
Their rudeness, rawness : why to us were lent  
Ability except to come in use ?  
Who loves his kind must by all means induce  
That kind to let that love play freely, press  
In Man's behalf to full performance ! "

## IV.

Yes —

Yes, George, we know ! — whereat they hear, believe,  
And bend the knee, and on the neck receive  
Who fawned and cringed to purpose ? Not so, George !  
Try simple falsehood on shrewd folks who forge  
Lies of superior fashion day by day  
And hour by hour ? With craftsmen versed as they  
What chance of competition when the tools  
Only a novice wields ? Are knaves such fools ?  
Disinterested patriot, spare your tongue  
The tones thrice-silvery, cheek save smiles it flung  
Pearl-like profuse to swine — a herd, whereof  
No unit needs be taught, his neighbor's trough  
Scarce holds for who but grunts and whines the husks  
Due to a wrinkled snout that shows sharp tusks.  
No animal — much less our lordly Man —  
Obeys its like : with strength all rule began,  
The stoutest awes the pasture. Soon succeeds  
Discrimination, — nicer power Man needs  
To rule him than is bred of bone and thew :  
Intelligence must move strength's self. This too  
Lasts but its time : the multitude at length  
Looks inside for intelligence and strength  
And finds them here and there to pick and choose :  
“ All at your service, mine, see ! ” Ay, but who's

My George, at this late day, to make his boast  
“In strength, intelligence, I rule the roast,  
Beat, all and some, the ungraced who crowd your ranks?”  
“Oh, but I love, would lead you, gain your thanks  
By unexampled yearning for Man’s sake —  
Passion that solely waits your help to take  
Effect in action!” George, which one of us  
But holds with his own heart communion thus :  
“I am, if not of men the first and best,  
Still — to receive enjoyment — properest :  
Which since by force I cannot, nor by wit  
Most likely — craft must serve in place of it.  
Flatter, cajole ! If so I bring within  
My net the gains which wit and force should win,  
What hinders ?” ’T is a trick we know of old :  
Try, George, some other of tricks manifold !  
The multitude means mass and mixture — right !  
Are mixtures simple, pray, or composite ?  
Dive into Man, your medley : see the waste !  
Sloth-stifled genius, energy disgraced  
By ignorance, high aims with sorry skill,  
Will without means and means in want of will  
— Sure we might fish, from out the mothers’ sons  
That welter thus, a dozen Dodingtons !  
Why call up Dodington, and none beside,  
To take his seat upon our backs and ride  
As statesman conquering and to conquer ? Well,

The last expedient, which must needs excel  
Those old ones — this it is, — at any rate  
To-day's conception thus I formulate :  
As simple force has been replaced, just so  
Must simple wit be : men have got to know  
Such wit as what you boast is nowise held  
The wonder once it was, but, paralleled  
Too plentifully, counts not, — puts to shame  
Modest possessors like yourself who claim,  
By virtue of it merely, power and place  
— Which means the sweets of office. Since our race  
Teems with the like of you, some special gift,  
Your very own, must coax our hands to lift,  
And backs to bear you : is it just and right  
To privilege your nature ?

## v.

“State things quite  
Other than so” — make answer ! “I pretend  
No such community with men. Perpend  
My key to domination ! Who would use  
Man for his pleasure needs must introduce  
The element that awes Man. Once for all,  
His nature owns a Supernatural  
In fact as well as phrase — which found must be  
— Where, in this doubting age ? Old mystery  
Has served its turn — seen through and sent adrift

To nothingness : new wizard-craft makes shift  
Nowadays shorn of help by robe and book, —  
Otherwise, elsewhere, for success must look  
Than chalked-ring, incantation-gibberish.  
Somebody comes to conjure : that's he ? Pish !  
He's like the roomful of rapt gazers, — there's  
No sort of difference in the garb he wears  
From ordinary dressing, — gesture, speech,  
Deportment, just like those of all and each  
That eye their master of the minute. Stay !  
What of the something — call it how you may —  
Uncanny in the — quack ? That's easy said !  
Notice how the Professor turns no head  
And yet takes cognizance of who accepts,  
Denies, is puzzled as to the adept's  
Supremacy, yields up or lies in wait  
To trap the trickster ! Doubtless, out of date  
Are dealings with the devil : yet, the stir  
Of mouth, its smile half smug half sinister,  
Mock-modest boldness masked in diffidence, —  
What if the man have — who knows how or whence ? —  
Confederate potency unguessed by us —  
Prove no such cheat as he pretends ?

## VI.

Ay, thus

Had but my George played statesmanship's new card

That carries all! "Since we" — avers the Bard —  
"All of us have one human heart" — as good  
As say — by all of us is understood  
Right and wrong, true and false — in rough, at least,  
We own a common conscience. God, man, beast —  
How should we qualify the statesman-shape  
I fancy standing with our world agape?  
Disguise, flee, fight against with tooth and nail  
The outrageous designation! "Quack" men quail  
Before? You see, a little year ago  
They heard him thunder at the thing which, lo,  
To-day he vaunts for unscathed, while what erst  
Heaven-high he lauded, lies hell-low, accursed!  
And yet where's change? Who, awe-struck, cares to point  
Critical finger at a dubious joint  
In armor, true *œs triplex*, breast and back  
Binding about, defiant of attack,  
An imperturbability that's — well,  
Or innocence or impudence — how tell  
One from the other? Could ourselves broach lies,  
Yet brave mankind with those unaltered eyes,  
Those lips that keep the quietude of truth?  
Dare we attempt the like? What quick uncouth  
Disturbance of thy smug economy,  
O coward visage! Straight would all descry  
Back on the man's brow the boy's blush once more!  
No: he goes deeper — could our sense explore —



Finds conscience beneath conscience such as ours.  
 Genius is not so rare, — prodigious powers —  
 Well, others boast such, — but a power like this  
 Mendacious intrepidity — *quid vis* ?  
 Besides, imposture plays another game,  
 Admits of no diversion from its aim  
 Of captivating hearts, sets zeal aflame  
 In every shape at every turn, — nowhere  
 Allows subsidence into ash. By stress  
 Of what does guile succeed but earnestness,  
 Earnest word, look and gesture ? Touched with aught  
 But earnestness, the levity were fraught  
 With ruin to guile's film-work. Grave is guile ;  
 Here no act wants its qualifying smile,  
 Its covert pleasantry to neutralize  
 The outward ardor. Can our chief despise  
 Even while most he seems to adulate ?  
 As who should say " What though it be my fate  
 To deal with fools ? Among the crowd must lurk  
 Some few with faculty to judge my work  
 Spite of its way which suits, they understand,  
 The crass majority : — the Sacred Band,  
 No duping them forsooth ! " So tells a touch  
 Of subintelligential nod and wink —  
 Turning foes friends. Coarse flattery moves the gorge :  
 Mine were the mode to awe the many, George !  
 They guess you half despise them while most bent

On demonstrating that your sole intent  
Strives for their service. Sneer at them? Yourself  
'T is you disparage, — tricky as an elf,  
Scorning what most you strain to bring to pass,  
Laughingly careless, — triply cased in brass, —  
While pushing strenuous to the end in view.  
What follows? Why, you formulate within  
The vulgar headpiece this conception: "Win  
A master-mind to serve us needs we must,  
One who, from motives we but take on trust,  
Acts strangelier — haply wiselier than we know —  
Stronglier, for certain. Did he say 'I throw  
Aside my good for yours, in all I do  
Care nothing for myself and all for you' —  
We should both understand and disbelieve:  
Said he 'Your good I laugh at in my sleeve,  
My own it is I solely labor at,  
Pretending yours the while' — that, even that,  
We, understanding well, give credence to,  
And so will none of it. But here 't is through  
Our recognition of his service, wage  
Well earned by work, he mounts to such a stage  
Above competitors as all save Bubb  
Would agonize to keep. Yet — here 's the rub —  
So slightly does he hold by our esteem  
Which solely fixed him fast there, that we seem  
Mocked every minute to our face, by gibe

And jest — scorn insuppressive : what ascribe  
The rashness to ? Our pay and praise to boot —  
Do these avail him to tread underfoot  
Something inside us all and each, that stands  
Somehow instead of somewhat which commands  
‘ Lie not ’ ? Folks fear to jeopardize their soul,  
Stumble at times, walk straight upon the whole, —  
That’s nature’s simple instinct : what may be  
The portent here, the influence such as we  
Are strangers to ? ” —

## VII.

Exact the thing I call  
Man’s despot, just the Supernatural  
Which, George, was wholly out of — far beyond  
Your theory and practice. You had conned  
But to reject the precept “ To succeed  
In gratifying selfishness and greed,  
Asseverate such qualities exist  
Nowise within yourself ! then make acquist  
By all means, with no sort of fear ! ” Alack,  
That well-worn lie is obsolete ! Fall back  
On still a working pretext — “ Hearth and Home,  
The Altar, love of England, hate of Rome ” —  
That’s serviceable lying — that perchance  
Had screened you decently : but ’ware advance  
By one step more in perspicacity

Of these our dupes ! At length they get to see  
As through the earlier, this the latter plea —  
And find the greed and selfishness at source !  
*Ventum est ad triarios* : last resource  
Should be to what but — exquisite disguise  
Disguise-abjuring, truth that looks like lies,  
Frankness so sure to meet with unbelief ?  
Say — you hold in contempt — not them in chief —  
But first and foremost your own self ! No use  
In men but to make sport for you, induce  
The puppets now to dance, now stand stock-still,  
Now knock their heads together, at your will  
For will's sake only — while each plays his part  
Submissive : why ? through terror at the heart :  
“ Can it be — this bold man, whose hand we saw  
Openly pull the wires, obeys some law  
Quite above Man's — nay, God's ? ” On face fall they.  
This was the secret missed, again I say,  
Out of your power to grasp conception of,  
Much less employ to purpose. Hence the scoff  
That greets your very name : folks see but one  
Fool more, as well as knave, in Dodington.

V

WITH FRANCIS FURINI



## WITH FRANCIS FURINI

### I.

Nay, *that*, Furini, never I at least  
Mean to believe ! What man you were I know,  
While you walked Tuscan earth, a painter-priest,  
Something about two hundred years ago.  
Priest — you did duty punctual as the sun  
That rose and set above Saint Sano's church,  
Blessing Mugello : of your flock not one  
But showed a whiter fleece because of smirch,  
Your kind hands wiped it clear from : were they poor ?  
Bounty broke bread apace, — did marriage lag  
For just the want of moneys that ensure  
Fit hearth-and-home provision ? — straight your bag  
Unplumped itself, — reached hearts by way of palms  
Goodwill's shake had but tickled. All about  
Mugello valley, felt some parish qualms  
At worship offered in bare walls without  
The comfort of a picture ? — prompt such need  
Our painter would supply, and throngs to see  
Witnessed that goodness — no unholy greed

Of gain — had coaxed from Don Furini — he  
Whom princes might in vain implore to toil  
For worldly profit — such a masterpiece.  
Brief — priest, you poured profuse God's wine and oil  
Praiseworthy, I know : shall praising cease  
When, priestly vesture put aside, mere man,  
You stand for judgment ? Rather — what acclaim  
— “ Good son, good brother, friend in whom we scan  
No fault nor flaw ” — salutes Furini's name,  
The loving as the liberal ! Enough :  
Only to ope a lily, though for sake  
Of setting free its scent, disturbs the rough  
Loose gold about its anther. I shall take  
No blame in one more blazon, last of all —  
Good painter were you : if in very deed  
I styled you great — what modern art dares call  
My word in question ? Let who will take heed  
Of what he seeks and misses in your brain  
To balance that precision of the brush  
Your hand could ply so deftly : all in vain  
Strives poet's power for outlet when the push  
Is lost upon a barred and bolted gate  
Of painter's impotency. Angelo —  
Thine were alike the head and hand, by fate  
Doubly endowed ! Who boasts head only — woe  
To hand's presumption should brush emulate  
Fancy's free passage by the pen, and show



Thought wrecked and ruined where the inexpert  
Foolhardy fingers half grasped, half let go  
Film-wings the poet's pen arrests unhurt !  
No — painter such as that miraculous  
Michael, who deems you ? But the ample gift  
Of gracing walls else blank of this our louse  
Of life with imagery, one bright drift  
Poured forth by pencil, — man and woman mere,  
Glorified till half owned for gods, — the dear  
Fleshly perfection of the human shape, —  
This was apportioned you whereby to praise  
Heaven and bless earth. Who clumsily essays,  
By slighting painter's craft, to prove the ape  
Of poet's pen-creation, just betrays  
Twofold ineptitude.

## II.

By such sure ways  
Do I return, Furini, to my first  
And central confidence — that he I proved  
Good priest, good man, good painter, and rehearsed  
Praise upon praise to show — not simply loved  
For virtue, but for wisdom honored too  
Needs must Furini be, — it follows — who  
Shall undertake to breed in me belief  
That, on his death-bed, weakness played the thief  
With wisdom, folly ousted reason quite ?

List to the chronicler ! With main and might —  
So fame runs — did the poor soul beg his friends  
To buy and burn his hand-work, make amends  
For having reproduced therein — (Ah, me !  
Sighs fame — that 's friend Filippo) — nudity !  
Yes, I assure you : he would paint — not men  
Merely — a pardonable fault — but when  
He had to deal with — Oh, not mother Eve  
Alone, permissibly in Paradise  
Naked and unashamed, — but dared achieve  
Dreadful distinction, at soul-safety's price,  
By also painting women — (why the need ?)  
Just as God made them : there, you have the truth !  
Yes, rosed from top to toe in flush of youth,  
One foot upon the moss-fringe, would some Nymph  
Try, with its venturous fellow, if the lymph  
Were chillier than the slab-stepped fountain-edge ;  
The while a-heap her garments on its ledge  
Of boulder lay within hand's easy reach,  
— No one least kid-skin cast around her ! Speech  
Shrinks from enumerating case and case  
Of — were it but Diana at the chase,  
With tunic tucked discreetly hunting-high !  
No, some Queen Venus set our necks awry,  
Turned faces from the painter's all-too-frank  
Triumph of flesh ! For — whom had he to thank  
— This self-appointed nature-student ? Whence

Picked he up practice? By what evidence  
Did he unhandsomely become adept  
In simulating bodies? How except  
By actual sight of such? Himself confessed  
The enormity: quoth Philip "When I pressed  
The painter to acknowledge his abuse  
Of artistry else potent — what excuse  
Made the infatuated man? I give  
His very words: 'Did you but know, as I,  
— O scruple-splitting sickly-sensitive  
Mild-moral-monger, what the agony  
Of Art is ere Art satisfy herself  
In imitating Nature — (Man, poor elf,  
Striving to match the finger-mark of Him  
The immeasurably matchless) — gay or grim,  
Pray, would your smile be? Leave mere fools to tax  
Art's high-strung brain's intentness as so lax  
That, in its mid-throe, idle fancy sees  
The moment for admittance!' Pleadings these —  
Specious, I grant." So adds, and seems to wince  
Somewhat, our censor — but shall truth convince  
Blockheads like Baldinucci?

## III.

I resume

My incredulity: your other kind  
Of soul, Furini, never was so blind,

Even by death-mist, as to grope in gloom  
For cheer beside a bonfire piled to turn  
Ashes and dust all that your noble life  
Did homage to life's Lord by, — bid them burn  
— These Baldinucci blockheads — pictures rife  
With record, in each rendered loveliness,  
That one appreciative creature's debt  
Of thanks to the Creator, more or less,  
Was paid according as heart's-will had met  
Hand's-power in Art's endeavor to express  
Heaven's most consummate of achievements, bless  
Earth by a semblance of the seal God set  
On woman his supremest work. I trust  
Rather, Furini, dying breath had vent  
In some fine fervor of thanksgiving just  
For this — that soul and body's power you spent —  
Agonized to adumbrate, trace in dust  
That marvel which we dream the firmament  
Copies in star-device when fancies stray  
Outlining, orb by orb, Andromeda —  
God's best of beauteous and magnificent  
Revealed to earth — the naked female form.  
Nay, I mistake not : wrath that's but lukewarm  
Would boil indeed were such a critic styled  
Himself an artist : artist ! Ossa piled  
Topping Olympus — the absurd which crowns  
The extravagant — whereat one laughs, not frowns.

Paints he? One bids the poor pretender take  
His sorry self, a trouble and disgrace,  
From out the sacred presence, void the place  
Artists claim only. What — not merely wake  
Our pity that suppressed concupiscence —  
A satyr masked as matron — makes pretence  
To the coarse blue-fly's instinct — can perceive  
No better reason why she should exist —  
— God's lily-limbed and blush-rose-bosomed Eve —  
Than as a hot-bed for the sensualist  
To fly-blow with his fancies, make pure stuff  
Breed him back filth — this were not crime enough?  
But further — fly to style itself — nay, more —  
To steal among the sacred ones, crouch down  
Though but to where their garments sweep the floor —  
— Still catching some faint sparkle from the crown  
Crowning transcendent Michael, Leonard,  
Rafael, — to sit beside the feet of such,  
Unspurned because unnoticed, then reward  
Their toleration — mercy overmuch —  
By stealing from the throne-step to the fools  
Curious outside the gateway, all-agape  
To learn by what procedure, in the schools  
Of Art, a merest man in outward shape  
May learn to be Correggio! Old and young,  
These learners got their lesson: Art was just  
A safety-screen — (Art, which Correggio's tongue

Calls "Virtue") — for a skulking vice: mere lust  
 Inspired the artist when his Night and Morn  
 Slept and awoke in marble on that edge  
 Of heaven above our awe-struck earth: lust-born  
 His Eve low bending took the privilege  
 Of life from what our eyes saw — God's own palm  
 That put the flame forth — to the love and thanks  
 Of all creation save this recreant!

## IV.

## Calm

Our phrase, Furini! Not the artist-ranks  
 Claim riddance of an interloper: no —  
 This Baldinucci did but grunt and sniff  
 Outside Art's pale — ay, grubbed, where pine-trees grow,  
 For pignuts only.

## V.

## You the Sacred! If

Indeed on you has been bestowed the dower  
 Of Art in fulness, graced with head and hand,  
 Head — to look up not downwards, hand — of power  
 To make head's gain the portion of a world  
 Where else the uninstructed ones too sure  
 Would take all outside beauty — film that's furled  
 About a star — for the star's self, endure  
 No guidance to the central glory, — nay,

(Sadder) might apprehend the film was fog,  
Or (worst) wish all but vapor well away,  
And sky's pure product thickened from earth's bog —  
Since so, nor seldom, have your worthiest failed  
To trust their own soul's insight — why? except  
For warning that the head of the adept  
May too much prize the hand, work unassailed  
By scruple of the better sense that finds  
An orb within each halo, bids gross flesh  
Free the fine spirit-pattern, nor enmesh  
More than is meet a marvel, custom blinds  
Only the vulgar eye to. Little fear  
That you, the foremost of Art's fellowship  
Will oft — will ever so offend! But — hip  
And thigh — smite the Philistine! *You* — slunk here —  
Connived at, by too easy tolerance,  
Not to scrape palette simply or squeeze brush,  
But dub your very self an Artist? Tush —  
You, of the daubings, is it, dare advance  
This doctrine that the Artist-mind must needs  
Own to affinity with yours — confess  
Provocative acquaintance, more or less,  
With each impurely-peevisish worm that breeds  
Inside your brain's receptacle?

## VI.

Enough.

Who owns "I dare not look on diadems  
 Without an itch to pick out, purloin gems  
 Others contentedly leave sparkling" — gruff  
 Answers the guard of the regalia: "Why —  
 Consciously kleptomaniac — thrust yourself  
 Where your illicit craving after pelf  
 Is tempted most — in the King's treasury?  
 Go elsewhere! Sort with thieves, if thus you feel —  
 When folks clean-handed simply recognize  
 Treasure whereof the mere sight satisfies —  
 But straight your fingers are on itch to steal!  
 Hence with you!"

Pray, Furini!

## VII.

"Bounteous God,

Deviser and dispenser of all gifts  
 To soul through sense, — in Art the soul uplifts  
 Man's best of thanks! What but Thy measuring-rod  
 Meted forth heaven and earth? more intimate,  
 Thy very hands were busied with the task  
 Of making, in this human shape, a mask —  
 A match for that divine. Shall love abate  
 Man's wonder? Nowise! True — true — all too true —



No gift but, in the very plenitude  
Of its perfection, goes maimed, misconstrued  
By wickedness or weakness : still, some few  
Have grace to see Thy purpose, strength to mar  
Thy work by no admixture of their own,  
— Linn truth not falsehood, bid us love alone  
The type untampered with, the naked star ! ”

## VIII.

And, prayer done, painter — what if you should preach ?  
Not as of old when playing pulpiteer  
To simple-witted country folk, but here  
In actual London try your powers of speech  
On us the cultured, therefore sceptical —  
What would you ? For, suppose he has his word  
In faith's behalf, no matter how absurd,  
This painter-theologian ? One and all  
We lend an ear — nay, Science takes thereto —  
Encourages the meanest who has racked  
Nature until he gains from her some fact,  
To state what truth is from his point of view,  
Mere pin-point though it be : since many such  
Conduce to make a whole, she bids our friend  
Come forward unabashed and haply lend  
His little life-experience to our much  
Of modern knowledge. Since she so insists,  
Up stands Furini.

## IX.

“ Evolutionists !

At truth I glimpse from depths, you glance from heights,  
Our stations for discovery opposites, —  
How should ensue agreement ? I explain :  
'T is the tip-top of things to which you strain  
Your vision, until atoms, protoplasm,  
And what and whence and how may be the spasm  
Which sets all going, stop you : down perforce  
Needs must your observation take its course,  
Since there 's no moving upwards : link by link  
You drop to where the atoms somehow think,  
Feel, know themselves to be : the world 's begun,  
Such as we recognize it. Have you done  
Descending ? Here 's ourself, — Man, known to-day,  
Duly evolved at last, — so far, you say,  
The sum and seal of being's progress. Good !  
Thus much at least is clearly understood —  
Of power does Man possess no particle :  
Of knowledge — just so much as shows that still  
It ends in ignorance on every side :  
But righteousness — ah, Man is deified  
Thereby, for compensation ! Make survey  
Of Man's surroundings, try creation — nay,  
Try emulation of the minimized  
Minuteness fancy may conceive ! Surprised

Reason becomes by two defeats for one —  
Not only power at each phenomenon  
Baffled, but knowledge also in default —  
Asking what *is* minuteness — yonder vault  
Speckled with suns, or this the millionth — thing,  
How shall I call? — that on some insect's wing  
Helps to make out in dyes the mimic star?  
Weak, ignorant, accordingly we are :  
What then? The worse for Nature! Where began  
Righteousness, moral sense except in Man?  
True, he makes nothing, understands no whit :  
Had the initiator-spasm seen fit  
Thus doubly to endow him, none the worse  
And much the better were the universe.  
What does Man see or feel or apprehend  
Here, there, and everywhere, but faults to mend,  
Omissions to supply, — one wide disease  
Of things that are, which Man at once would ease  
Had will but power and knowledge? failing both —  
Things must take will for deed — Man, nowise loth,  
Accepts pre-eminency : mere blind force —  
Mere knowledge undirected in its course  
By any care for what is made or marred  
In either's operation — *these* award  
The crown to? Rather let it deck thy brows,  
Man, whom alone a righteousness endows  
Would cure the wide world's ailing! Who disputes

Thy claim thereto? Had Spasm more attributes  
Than power and knowledge in its gift, before  
Man came to pass? The higher that we soar,  
The less of moral sense like Man's we find:  
No sign of such before, — what comes behind,  
Who guesses? But until there crown our sight  
The quite new — not the old mere infinite  
Of changings, — some fresh kind of sun and moon, —  
Then, not before, shall I expect a boon  
Of intuition just as strange, which turns  
Evil to good, and wrong to right, unlearns  
All Man's experience learned since Man was he.  
Accept in Man, advanced to this degree,  
The Prime Mind, therefore! neither wise nor strong —  
Whose fault? but were he both, then right, not wrong  
As now, throughout the world were paramount  
According to his will, — which I account  
The qualifying faculty. He stands  
Confessed supreme — 'the monarch whose commands  
Could he enforce, how bettered were the world!  
He's at the height this moment — to be hurled  
Next moment to the bottom by rebound  
Of his own peal of laughter. All around  
Ignorance wraps him, — whence and how and why  
Things are, — yet cloud breaks and lets blink the sky  
Just overhead, not elsewhere! What assures  
His optics that the very blue which lures

Comes not of black outside it, doubly dense ?  
Ignorance overwraps his moral sense,  
Winds him about, relaxing, as it wraps,  
So much and no more than lets through perhaps  
The murmured knowledge — ‘ Ignorance exists.’

## X.

“ I at the bottom, Evolutionists,  
Advise beginning, rather. I profess  
To know just one fact — my self-consciousness, —  
’Twixt ignorance and ignorance enisled, —  
Knowledge : before me was my Cause — that ’s styled  
God : after, in due course succeeds the rest, —  
All that my knowledge comprehends — at best —  
At worst, conceives about in mild despair.  
Light needs must touch on either darkness : where ?  
Knowledge so far impinges on the Cause  
Before me, that I know — by certain laws  
Wholly unknown, whate’er I apprehend  
Within, without me, had its rise : thus blend  
I, and all things perceived, in one Effect.  
How far can knowledge any ray project  
On what comes after me — the universe ?  
Well, my attempt to make the cloud disperse  
Begins — not from above but underneath :  
I climb, you soar, — who soars soon loses breath  
And sinks, who climbs keeps one foot firm on fact

Ere hazarding the next step : soul's first act  
(Call consciousness the soul — some name we need)  
Getting itself aware, through stuff decreed  
Thereto (so call the body) — who has stept  
So far, there let him stand, become adept  
In body ere he shift his station thence  
One single hair's breadth. Do I make pretence  
To teach, myself unskilled in learning? Lo,  
My life's work ! Let my pictures prove I know  
Somewhat of what this fleshly frame of ours  
Or is or should be, how the soul empowers  
The body to reveal its every mood  
Of love and hate, pour forth its plenitude  
Of passion. If my hand attained to give  
Thus permanence to truth else fugitive,  
Did not I also fix each fleeting grace  
Of form and feature — save the beauteous face —  
Arrest decay in transitory might  
Of bone and muscle — cause the world to bless  
Forever each transcendent nakedness  
Of man and woman? Were such feats achieved  
By sloth, or strenuous labor unrelieved,  
— Yet lavished vainly? Ask that underground  
(So may I speak) of all on surface found  
Of flesh-perfection ! Depths on depths to probe  
Of all-inventive artifice, disrobe  
Marvel at hiding under marvel, pluck

Veil after veil from Nature — were the luck  
Ours to surprise the secret men so name,  
That still eludes the searcher — all the same,  
Repays his search with still fresh proof — ‘ Externe,  
Not inmost, is the Cause, fool ! Look and learn ! ’  
Thus teach my hundred pictures : firm and fast  
There did I plant my first foot. And the next ?  
Nowhere ! ’T was put forth and withdrawn, perplexed  
At touch of what seemed stable and proved stuff  
Such as the colored clouds are : plain enough  
There lay the outside universe : try Man —  
My most immediate ! and the dip began  
From safe and solid into that profound  
Of ignorance I tell you surges round  
My rock-spit of self-knowledge. Well and ill,  
Evil and good irreconcilable  
Above, beneath, about my every side, —  
How did this wild confusion far and wide  
Tally with my experience when my stamp —  
So far from stirring — struck out, each a lamp,  
Spark after spark of truth from where I stood —  
Pedestalled triumph ? Evil there was good,  
Want was the promise of supply, defect  
Ensured completion, — where and when and how ?  
Leave that to the first Cause ! Enough that now,  
Here where I stand, this moment ’s me and mine,  
Shows me what is, permits me to divine

What shall be. Wherefore? Nay, how otherwise?  
Look at my pictures! What so glorifies  
The body that the permeating soul  
Finds there no particle elude control  
Direct, or fail of duty, — most obscure  
When most subservient? Did that Cause ensure  
The soul such raptures as its fancy stings  
Body to furnish when, uplift by wings  
Of passion, here and now, it leaves the earth,  
Loses itself above, where bliss has birth —  
(Heaven, be the phrase) — did that same Cause contrive  
Such solace for the body, soul must dive  
At drop of fancy's pinion, condescend  
To bury both alike on earth, our friend  
And fellow, where minutely exquisite  
Low lie the pleasures, now and here — no herb  
But hides its marvel, peace no doubts perturb  
In each small mystery of insect life —  
— Shall the soul's Cause thus gift the soul, yet strife  
Continue still of fears with hopes, — for why?  
What if the Cause, whereof we now descry  
So far the wonder-working, lack at last  
Will, power, benevolence — a protoplast,  
No consummator, sealing up the sum  
Of all things, — past and present and to come  
Perfection? No, I have no doubt at all!  
There's my amount of knowledge — great or small,



Sufficient for my needs: for see! advance  
Its light now on that depth of ignorance  
I shrank before from — yonder where the world  
Lies wreck-strewn, — evil towering, prone good — hurled  
From pride of place, on every side. For me  
(Patience, beseech you!) knowledge can but be  
Of good by knowledge of good's opposite —  
Evil, — since, to distinguish wrong from right,  
Both must be known in each extreme, beside —  
(Or what means knowledge — to aspire or bide  
Content with half-attaining? Hardly so!)  
Made to know on, know ever, I must know  
All to be known at any halting-stage  
Of my soul's progress, such as earth, where wage  
War, just for soul's instruction, pain with joy,  
Folly with wisdom, all that works annoy  
With all that quiets and contents, — in brief,  
Good strives with evil.

Now then for relief,  
Friends, of your patience kindly curbed so long.  
'What?' snarl you; 'is the fool's conceit thus strong —  
Must the whole outside world in soul and sense  
Suffer, that he grow sage at its expense?'  
By no means! 'Tis by merest touch of toe  
I try — not trench on — ignorance, just know —  
And so keep steady footing: how you fare,  
Caught in the whirlpool — that's the Cause's care,

Strong, wise, good, — this I know at any rate  
In my own self, — but how may operate  
With you — strength, wisdom, goodness — no least blink  
Of knowledge breaks the darkness round me. Think!  
Could I see plain, be somehow certified  
All was illusion, — evil far and wide  
Was good disguised, — why, out with one huge wipe  
Goes knowledge from me. Type needs antitype:  
As night needs day, as shine needs shade, so good  
Needs evil: how were pity understood  
Unless by pain? Make evident that pain  
Permissibly masks pleasure — you abstain  
From outstretch of the finger-tip that saves  
A drowning fly. Who proffers help of hand  
To weak Andromeda exposed on strand  
At mercy of the monster? Were all true,  
Help were not wanting: ‘But ’t is false,’ cry you,  
‘Mere fancy-work of paint and brush!’ No less,  
Were mine the skill, the magic, to impress  
Beholders with a confidence they saw  
Life, — veritable flesh and blood in awe  
Of just as true a sea-beast, — would they stare  
Simply as now, or cry out, curse and swear,  
Or call the gods to help, or catch up stick  
And stone, according as their hearts were quick  
Or sluggish? Well, some old artificer  
Could do as much, — at least, so books aver, —

Able to make-believe, while I, poor wight,  
Make-fancy, nothing more. Though wrong were right,  
Could we but know — still wrong must needs seem wrong  
To do right's service, prove men weak or strong,  
Choosers of evil or of good. 'No such  
Illusion possible!' Ah, friends, you touch  
Just here my solid standing-place amid  
The wash and welter, whence all doubts are bid  
Back to the ledge they break against in foam,  
Futility: my soul, and my soul's home  
This body, — how each operates on each,  
And how things outside, fact or feigning, teach  
What good is and what evil, — just the same,  
Be feigning or be fact the teacher, — blame  
Diffidence nowise if, from this I judge  
My point of vantage, not an inch I budge.  
All — for myself — seems ordered wise and well  
Inside it, — what reigns outside, who can tell?  
Contrariwise, who needs be told 'The space  
Which yields thee knowledge, — do its bounds embrace  
Well-willing and wise-working, each at height?  
Enough: beyond thee lies the infinite —  
Back to thy circumscription!'

Back indeed!

Ending where I began — thus: retrocede,  
Who will, — what comes first, take first, I advise!  
Acquaint you with the body ere your eyes

Look upward : this Andromeda of mine —  
Gaze on the beauty, Art hangs out for sign  
There 's finer entertainment underneath.  
Learn how they ministrate to life and death —  
Those incommensurably marvellous  
Contrivances which furnish forth the house  
Where soul has sway ! Though Master keep aloof,  
Signs of His presence multiply from roof  
To basement of the building. Look around,  
Learn thoroughly, — no fear that you confound  
Master with message ! He 's away, no doubt,  
But what if, all at once, you come upon  
A startling proof — not that the Master gone  
Was present lately — but that something — whence  
Light comes — has pushed Him into residence ?  
Was such the symbol's meaning, — old, uncouth —  
That circle of the serpent, tail in mouth ?  
Only by looking low, ere looking high,  
Comes penetration of the mystery."

## XI.

Thanks ! After sermonizing, psalmody !  
Now praise with pencil, Painter ! Fools attain  
Your fame, forsooth, because its power inclines  
To livelier colors, more attractive lines  
Than suit some orthodox sad sickly saint  
— Gray male emaciation, haply streaked

Carmine by scourgings — or they want, far worse —  
Some self-scathed woman, framed to bless not curse  
Nature that loved the form whereon hate wreaked  
The wrongs you see. No, rather paint some full  
Benignancy, the first and foremost boon  
Of youth, health, strength, — show beauty's May, ere June  
Undo the bud's blush, leave a rose to cull  
— No poppy, neither ! yet less perfect-pure,  
Divinely-precious with life's dew besprent.  
Show saintliness that 's simply innocent  
Of guessing sinnership exists to cure  
All in good time ! In time let age advance  
And teach that knowledge helps — not ignorance —  
The healing of the nations. Let my spark  
Quicken your tinder ! Burn with — Joan of Arc !  
Not at the end, nor midway when there grew  
The brave delusions, when rare fancies flew  
Before the eyes, and in the ears of her  
Strange voices woke imperiously astir :  
No, — paint the peasant girl all peasant-like,  
Spirit and flesh — the hour about to strike  
When this should be transfigured, that inflamed,  
By heart's admonishing " Thy country shamed,  
Thy king shut out of all his realm except  
One sorry corner ! " and to life forth leapt  
The indubitable lightning " Can there be  
Country and king's salvation — all through me ? "

Memorize that burst's moment, Francis! Tush —  
 None of the nonsense-writing! Fitlier brush  
 Shall clear off fancy's film-work and let show  
 Not what the foolish feign but the wise know —  
 Ask Sainte-Beuve else! — or better, Quicherat,  
 The downright-digger into truth that's — Bah,  
 Bettered by fiction? Well, of fact thus much  
 Concerns you, that "of prudishness no touch  
 From first to last defaced the maid; anon,  
 Camp-use compelling" — what says D'Alençon  
 Her fast friend? — "though I saw while she undressed  
 How fair she was — especially her breast —  
 Never had I a wild thought!" — as indeed  
 I nowise doubt. Much less would she take heed —  
 When eve came, and the lake, the hills around  
 Were all one solitude and silence, — found  
 Barrièred impenetrably safe about, —  
 Take heed of interloping eyes shut out,  
 But quietly permit the air imbibe  
 Her naked beauty till . . . but hear the scribe!  
*Now as she fain would bathe, one even-tide,  
 God's maid, this Joan, from the pool's edge she spied  
 The fair blue bird clowns call the Fisher-king:  
 And "'Las, sighed she, my Liege is such a thing  
 As thou, lord but of one poor lonely place  
 Out of his whole wide France: were mine the grace  
 To set my Dauphin free as thou, blue bird!"*

Properly Martin-fisher — that 's the word,  
Not yours nor mine : folks said the rustic oath  
In common use with her was — “ By my troth ? ”  
No, — “ By my Martin ” ! Paint this ! Only, turn  
Her face away — that face about to burn  
Into an angel's when the time is ripe !  
That task 's beyond you. Finished, Francis ? Wipe  
Pencil, scrape palette, and retire content !  
“ *Omnia non omnibus* ” — no harm is meant !





VI

WITH GERARD DE LAIRESSE



## WITH GERARD DE LAIRESSE

### I.

Ah, but — because you were struck blind, could bless  
Your sense no longer with the actual view  
Of man and woman, those fair forms you drew  
In happier days so duteously and true, —  
Must I account my Gerard de Lairesse  
All sorrow-smitten? He was hindered too  
— Was this no hardship? — from producing, plain  
To us who still have eyes, the pageantry  
Which passed and passed before his busy brain  
And, captured on his canvas, showed our sky  
Traversed by flying shapes, earth stocked with brood  
Of monsters, — centaurs bestial, satyrs lewd, —  
Not without much Olympian glory, shapes  
Of god and goddess in their gay escapes  
From the severe serene : or haply paced  
The antique ways, god-counselled, nymph-embraced,  
Some early human kingly personage.  
Such wonders of the teeming poet's-age  
Were still to be : nay, these indeed began —

Are not the pictures extant? — till the ban  
Of blindness struck both palette from his thumb  
And pencil from his finger.

## II.

Blind — not dumb,  
Else, Gerard, were my inmost bowels stirred  
With pity beyond pity : no, the word  
Was left upon your unmolested lips :  
Your mouth unsealed, despite of eyes' eclipse  
Talked all brain's yearning into birth. I lack  
Somehow the heart to wish your practice back  
Which boasted hand's achievement in a score  
Of veritable pictures, less or more,  
Still to be seen : myself have seen them, — moved  
To pay due homage to the man I loved  
Because of that prodigious book he wrote  
On Artistry's Ideal, by taking note,  
Making acquaintance with his artist-work.  
So my youth's piety obtained success  
Of all-too dubious sort : for, though it irk  
To tell the issue, few or none would guess  
From extant lines and colors, De Lairese,  
Your faculty, although each deftly-grouped  
And aptly-ordered figure-piece was judged  
Worthy a prince's purchase in its day.  
Bearded experience bears not to be duped

Like boyish fancy : 't was a boy that budged  
No foot's breadth from your visioned steps away  
The while that memorable "Walk" he trudged  
In your companionship, — the Book must say  
Where, when and whither, — "Walk," come what come may,  
No measurer of steps on this our globe  
Shall ever match for marvels. Faustus' robe,  
And Fortunatus' cap were gifts of price :  
But — oh, your piece of sober sound advice  
That artists should descry abundant worth  
In trivial commonplace, nor groan at dearth  
If fortune bade the painter's craft be plied  
In vulgar town and country ! Why despond  
Because hemmed round by Dutch canals ? Beyond  
The ugly actual, lo, on every side  
Imagination's limitless domain  
Displayed a wealth of wondrous sounds and sights  
Ripe to be realized by poet's brain  
Acting on painter's brush ! "Ye doubt ? Poor wights,  
What if I set example, go before,  
While you come after, and we both explore  
Holland turned Dreamland, taking care to note  
Objects whereto my pupils may devote  
Attention with advantage ? "

## III.

So commenced

That "Walk" amid true wonders — none to you,  
But huge to us ignobly common-sensed,  
Purblind, while plain could proper optics view  
In that old sepulchre by lightning split,  
Whereof the lid bore carven, — any dolt  
Imagines why, — Jove's very thunderbolt :  
You who could straight perceive, by glance at it,  
This tomb must needs be Phaeton's ! In a trice,  
Confirming that conjecture, close on hand,  
Behold, half out, half in the ploughed-up sand,  
A chariot-wheel explained its bolt-device :  
What other than the Chariot of the Sun  
Ever let drop the like ? Consult the tome \* —  
I bid inglorious tarriers-at-home —  
For greater still surprise the while that "Walk"  
Went on and on, to end as it begun,  
Chokefull of chances, changes, every one  
No whit less wondrous. What was there to balk  
Us, who had eyes, from seeing ? You with none  
Missed not a marvel : wherefore ? Let us talk.

\* *The Art of Painting, etc.*, by Gerard de Lairese ; translated by J. F. Fritsch. 1778.

## IV.

Say am I right? Your sealed sense moved your mind,  
Free from obstruction, to compassionate  
Art's power left powerless, and supply the blind  
With fancies worth all facts denied by fate.  
Mind could invent things, add to — take away,  
At pleasure, leave out trifles mean and base  
Which vex the sight that cannot say them nay  
But, where mind plays the master, have no place.  
And bent on banishing was mind, be sure,  
All except beauty from its mustered tribe  
Of objects apparitional which lure  
Painter to show and poet to describe —  
That imagery of the antique song  
Truer than truth's self. Fancy's rainbow-birth  
Conceived mid clouds in Greece, could glance along  
Your passage o'er Dutch veritable earth,  
As with ourselves, who see, familiar throng  
About our pacings men and women worth  
Nowise a glance — so poets apprehend —  
Since nought avails portraying them in verse :  
While painters turn upon the heel, intend  
To spare their work the critic's ready curse  
Due to the daily and undignified.

## v.

I who myself contentedly abide  
Awake, nor want the wings of dream, — who tramp  
Earth's common surface, rough, smooth, dry or damp,  
— I understand alternatives, no less  
Conceive your soul's leap, Gerard de Lairese !  
How were it could I mingle false with true,  
Boast, with the sights I see, your vision too ?  
Advantage would it prove or detriment  
If I saw double ? Could I gaze intent  
On Dryope plucking the blossoms red,  
As you, whereat her lote-tree writhed and bled,  
Yet lose no gain, no hard fast wide-awake  
Having and holding nature for the sake  
Of nature only — nymph and lote-tree thus  
Gained by the loss of fruit not fabulous,  
Apple of English homesteads, where I see  
Nor seek more than crisp buds a struggling bee  
Uncrumples, caught by sweet he clambers through ?  
Truly, a moot point : make it plain to me,  
Who, bee-like, sate sense with the simply true,  
Nor seek to heighten that sufficiency  
By help of feignings proper to the page —  
Earth's surface-blank whereon the elder age  
Put color, poetizing — poured rich life  
On what were else a dead ground — nothingness —



Until the solitary world grew rife  
With Joves and Junos, nymphs and satyrs. Yes,  
The reason was, fancy composed the strife  
'Twixt sense and soul : for sense, my De Lairese,  
Cannot content itself with outward things,  
Mere beauty : soul must needs know whence there springs —  
How, when and why — what sense but loves, nor lists  
To know at all.

## VI.

Not one of man's acquists  
Ought he resignedly to lose, methinks :  
So, point me out which was it of the links  
Snapt first, from out the chain which used to bind  
Our earth to heaven, and yet for you, since blind,  
Subsisted still efficient and intact ?  
Oh, we can fancy too ! but somehow fact  
Has got to — say, not so much push aside  
Fancy, as to declare its place supplied  
By fact unseen but no less fact the same,  
Which mind bids sense accept. Is mind to blame,  
Or sense, — does that usurp, this abdicate ?  
First of all, as you "walked" — were it too late  
For us to walk, if so we willed ? Confess  
We have the sober feet still, De Lairese !  
Why not the freakish brain too, that must needs  
Supplement nature — not see flowers and weeds

Simply as such, but link with each and all  
 The ultimate perfection — what we call  
 Rightly enough the human shape divine?  
 The rose? No rose unless it disentwine  
 From Venus' wreath the while she bends to kiss  
 Her deathly love? Plain retrogression, this!

## VII.

No, no: we poets go not back at all:  
 What you did we could do — from great to small  
 Sinking assuredly: if this world last  
 One moment longer when Man finds its Past  
 Exceed its Present — blame the Protoplast!  
 If we no longer see as you of old,  
 'T is we see deeper. Progress for the bold!  
 You saw the body, 't is the soul we see.  
 Try now! Bear witness while you walk with me,  
 I see as you: if we loose arms, stop pace,  
 'T is that you stand still, I conclude the race  
 Without your company. Come, walk once more  
 The "Walk": if I to-day as you of yore  
 See just like you the blind — then sight shall cry  
 — The whole long day quite gone through — victory!

## VIII.

Thunders on thunders, doubling and redoubling  
 Doom o'er the mountain, while a sharp white fire

Now shone, now sheared its rusty herbage, troubling  
Hardly the fir-boles, now discharged its ire  
Full where some pine-tree's solitary spire  
Crashed down, defiant to the last: till — lo,  
The motive of the malice! — all aglow,  
Circled with flame there yawned a sudden rift  
I' the rock-face, and I saw a form erect  
Front and defy the outrage, while — as checked.  
Chidden, beside him dauntless in the drift —  
Cowered a heaped creature, wing and wing outspread  
In deprecation o'er the crouching head  
Still hungry for the feast foregone awhile.  
O thou, of scorn's unconquerable smile,  
Was it when this — Jove's feathered fury — slipped  
Gore-glutted from the heart's core whence he ripped —  
This eagle-hound — neither reproach nor prayer —  
Baffled, in one more fierce attempt to tear  
Fate's secret from thy safeguard, — was it then  
That all these thunders rent earth, ruined air  
To reach thee, pay thy patronage of men?  
He thundered, — to withdraw, as beast to lair,  
Before the triumph on thy pallid brow.  
Gather the night again about thee now,  
Hate on, love ever! Morn is breaking there —  
The granite ridge pricks through the mist, turns gold  
As wrong turns right. O laughter manifold  
Of ocean's ripple at dull earth's despair!

## IX.

But morning's laugh sets all the crags alight  
Above the baffled tempest: tree and tree  
Stir themselves from the stupor of the night,  
And every strangled branch resumes its right  
To breathe, shakes loose dark's clinging dregs, waves free  
In dripping glory. Prone the runnels plunge,  
While earth, distent with moisture like a sponge,  
Smokes up, and leaves each plant its gem to see,  
Each grass-blade's glory-glitter. Had I known  
The torrent now turned river? — masterful  
Making its rush o'er tumbled ravage — stone  
And stub which barred the froths and foams: no bull  
Ever broke bounds in formidable sport  
More overwhelmingly, till lo, the spasm  
Sets him to dare that last mad leap: report  
Who may — his fortunes in the deathly chasm  
That swallows him in silence! Rather turn  
Whither, upon the upland, pedestalled  
Into the broad day-splendor, whom discern  
These eyes but thee, supreme one, rightly called  
Moon-maid in heaven above and, here below,  
Earth's huntress-queen? I note the garb succinct  
Saving from smirch that purity of snow  
From breast to knee — snow's self with just the tinct  
Of the apple-blossom's heart-blush. Ah, the bow

Slack-strung her fingers grasp, where, ivory-linked  
Horn curving blends with horn, a moonlike pair  
Which mimic the brow's crescent sparkling so —  
As if a star's live restless fragment winked  
Proud yet repugnant, captive in such hair !  
What hope along the hillside, what far bliss  
Lets the crisp hair-plaits fall so low they kiss  
Those lucid shoulders ? Must a morn so blithe  
Needs have its sorrow when the twang and hiss  
Tell that from out thy sheaf one shaft makes writhe  
Its victim, thou unerring Artemis ?  
Why did the chamois stand so fair a mark  
Arrested by the novel shape he dreamed  
Was bred of liquid marble in the dark  
Depths of the mountain's womb that ever teemed  
With novel births of wonder ? Not one spark  
Of pity in that steel-gray glance which gleamed  
At the poor hoof's protesting as it stamped  
Idly the granite ? Let me glide unseen  
From thy proud presence : well may'st thou be queen  
Of all those strange and sudden deaths which damped  
So oft Love's torch and Hymen's taper lit  
For happy marriage till the maidens paled  
And perished on the temple-step, assailed  
By — what except to envy must man's wit  
Impute that sure implacable release  
Of life from warmth and joy ? But death means peace.

## X.

Noon is the conqueror, — not a spray, nor leaf,  
Nor herb, nor blossom but has rendered up  
Its morning dew : the valley seemed one cup  
Of cloud-smoke, but the vapor's reign was brief,  
Sun-smitten, see, it hangs — the filmy haze —  
Gray-garmenting the herbless mountain-side,  
To soothe the day's sharp glare : while far and wide  
Above unclouded burns the sky, one blaze  
With fierce immitigable blue, no bird  
Ventures to spot by passage. E'en of peaks  
Which still presume there, plain each pale point speaks  
In wan transparency of waste incurred  
By over-daring : far from me be such !  
Deep in the hollow, rather, where combine  
Tree, shrub and briar to roof with shade and cool  
The remnant of some lily-strangled pool,  
Edged round with mossy fringing soft and fine.  
Smooth lie the bottom slabs, and overhead  
Watch elder, bramble, rose, and service-tree  
And one beneficent rich barberry  
Jewelled all over with fruit-pendants red.  
What have I seen ! O Satyr, well I know  
How sad thy case, and what a world of woe  
Was hid by the brown visage furry-framed  
Only for mirth : who otherwise could think —

Marking thy mouth gape still on laughter's brink,  
Thine eyes a-swim with merriment unnamed  
But haply guessed at by their furtive wink?  
And all the while a heart was panting sick  
Behind that shaggy bulwark of thy breast —  
Passion it was that made those breath-bursts thick  
I took for mirth subsiding into rest.  
So, it was Lyda — she of all the train  
Of forest-thridding nymphs, — 't was only she  
Turned from thy rustic homage in disdain,  
Saw but that poor uncouth outside of thee,  
And, from her circling sisters, mocked a pain  
Echo had pitied — whom Pan loved in vain —  
For she was wishful to partake thy glee,  
Mimic thy mirth — who loved her not again,  
Savage for Lyda's sake. She crouches there —  
Thy cruel beauty, slumberously laid  
Supine on heaped-up beast-skins, unaware  
Thy steps have traced her to the briery glade,  
Thy greedy hands disclose the cradling lair,  
Thy hot eyes reach and revel on the maid !

## XI.

Now, what should this be for? The sun's decline  
Seems as he lingered lest he lose some act  
Dread and decisive, some prodigious fact  
Like thunder from the safe sky's sapphirine

About to alter earth's conditions, packed  
With fate for nature's self that waits, aware  
What mischief unsuspected in the air  
Menaces momentarily a cataract.  
Therefore it is that yonder space extends  
Untrenched upon by any vagrant tree,  
Shrub, weed well-nigh ; they keep their bounds, leave free  
The platform for what actors ? Foes or friends,  
Here come they trooping silent : heaven suspends  
Purpose the while they range themselves, I see !  
Bent on a battle, two vast powers agree  
This present and no after-contest ends  
One or the other's grasp at rule in reach  
Over the race of man — host fronting host,  
As statue statue fronts — wrath-molten each,  
Solidified by hate, — earth halved almost,  
To close once more in chaos. Yet two shapes  
Show prominent, each from the universe  
Of minions round about him, that disperse  
Like cloud-obstruction when a bolt escapes.  
Who flames first ? Macedonian is it thou ?  
Ay, and who fronts thee, King Darius, drapes  
His form with purple, fillet-folds his brow.

## XII.

What, then the long day dies at last ? Abrupt  
The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to melt



Our mountain-ridge, is mastered: black the belt  
Of westward crags, his gold could not corrupt,  
Barriers again the valley, lets the flow  
Of lavish glory waste itself away  
— Whither? For new climes, fresh eyes breaks the day!  
Night was not to be baffled. If the glow  
Were all that's gone from us! Did clouds, afloat  
So filmily but now, discard no rose,  
Sombre throughout the fleeciness that grows  
A sullen uniformity. I note  
Rather displeasure, — in the overspread  
Change from the swim of gold to one pale lead  
Oppressive to malevolence, — than late  
Those amorous yearnings when the aggregate  
Of cloudlets pressed that each and all might sate  
Its passion and partake in relics red  
Of day's bequeathment: now, a frown instead  
Estranges, and affrights who needs must fare  
On and on till his journey ends: but where?  
Caucasus? Lost now in the night. Away  
And far enough lies that Arcadia.  
The human heroes tread the world's dark way  
No longer. Yet I dimly see almost —  
Yes, for my last adventure! 'T is a ghost.  
So drops away the beauty! There he stands  
Voiceless, scarce strives with deprecating hands. . . .

## XIII.

Enough ! Stop further fooling, De Laïresse !  
My fault, not yours ! Some fitter way express  
Heart's satisfaction that the Past indeed  
Is past, gives way before Life's best and last,  
The all-including Future ! What were life  
Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife  
Through the ambiguous Present to the goal  
Of some all-reconciling Future ? Soul,  
Nothing has been which shall not bettered be  
Hereafter, — leave the root, by law's decree  
Whence springs the ultimate and perfect tree !  
Busy thee with unearthing root ? Nay, climb —  
Quit trunk, branch, leaf and flower — reach, rest sublime  
Where fruitage ripens in the blaze of day !  
O'erlook, despise, forget, throw flower away,  
Intent on progress ? No whit more than stop  
Ascent therewith to dally, screen the top  
Sufficiency of yield by interposed  
Twistwork bold foot gets free from. Wherefore glozed  
The poets — “ Dream afresh old godlike shapes,  
Recapture ancient fable that escapes,  
Push back reality, repeople earth  
With vanished falseness, recognize no worth  
In fact new-born unless 't is rendered back  
Pallid by fancy, as the western rack

Of fading cloud bequeaths the lake some gleam  
Of its gone glory ! ”

## XIV.

Let things be — not seem,  
I counsel rather, — do, and nowise dream !  
Earth’s young significance is all to learn :  
The dead Greek lore lies buried in the urn  
Where who seeks fire finds ashes. Ghost, forsooth !  
What was the best Greece babbled of as truth ?  
“ A shade, a wretched nothing, — sad, thin, drear,  
Cold, dark, it holds on to the lost loves here,  
If hand have haply sprinkled o’er the dead  
Three charitable dust-heaps, made mouth red  
One moment by the sip of sacrifice :  
Just so much comfort thaws the stubborn ice  
Slow-thickening upward till it choke at length  
The last faint flutter craving — not for strength,  
Not beauty, not the riches and the rule  
O’er men that made life life indeed.” Sad school  
Was Hades ! Gladly, — might the dead but slink  
To life back, — to the dregs once more would drink  
Each interloper, drain the humblest cup  
Fate mixes for humanity.

## XV.

Cheer up, —

Be death with me, as with Achilles erst,  
 Of Man's calamities the last and worst :  
 Take it so ! By proved potency that still  
 Makes perfect, be assured, come what come will,  
 What once lives never dies — what here attains  
 To a beginning, has no end, still gains  
 And never loses aught : when, where, and how —  
 Lies in Law's lap. What's death then ? Even now  
 With so much knowledge is it hard to bear  
 Brief interposing ignorance ? Is care  
 For a creation found at fault just there —  
 There where the heart breaks bond and outruns time,  
 To reach not follow what shall be ?

## XVI.

Here's rhyme

Such as one makes now, — say, when Spring repeats  
 That miracle the Greek Bard sadly greets :  
 "Spring for the tree and herb — no Spring for us !"  
 Let Spring come : why, a man salutes her thus :

Dance, yellows and whites and reds, —  
 Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads  
 Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds !

There 's sunshine ; scarcely a wind at all  
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small  
On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows  
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows :  
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows !



VII

WITH CHARLES AVISON





## WITH CHARLES AVISON

### I.

How strange! — but, first of all, the little fact  
Which led my fancy forth. This bitter morn  
Showed me no object in the stretch forlorn  
Of garden-ground beneath my window, backed  
By yon worn wall wherefrom the creeper, tacked  
To clothe its brickwork, hangs now, rent and racked  
By five months' cruel winter, — showed no torn  
And tattered ravage worse for eyes to see  
Than just one ugly space of clearance, left  
Bare even of the bones which used to be  
Warm wrappage, safe embracement: this one cleft —  
— O what a life and beauty filled it up  
Startlingly, when methought the rude clay cup  
Ran over with poured bright wine! 'T was a bird  
Breast-deep there, tugging at his prize, deterred  
No whit by the fast-falling snow-flake: gain  
Such prize my blackcap must by might and main —  
The cloth-shred, still a-flutter from its nail  
That fixed a spray once. Now, what told the tale

To thee, — no townsman but born orchard-thief, —  
That here — surpassing moss-tuft, beard from sheaf  
Of sun-scorched barley, horsehairs long and stout,  
All proper country-pillage — here, no doubt,  
Was just the scrap to steal should line thy nest  
Superbly? Off he flew, his bill possessed  
The booty sure to set his wife's each wing  
Greenly a-quiver. How they climb and cling,  
Hang parrot-wise to bough, these blackcaps! Strange  
Seemed to a city-dweller that the finch  
Should stray so far to forage: at a pinch,  
Was not the fine wool's self within his range  
— Filchings on every fence? But no: the need  
Was of this rag of manufacture, spoiled  
By art, and yet by nature near unsoiled,  
New-suited to what scheming finch would breed  
In comfort, this uncomfortable March.

## II.

Yet — by the first pink blossom on the larch! —  
This was scarce stranger than that memory, —  
In want of what should cheer the stay-at-home,  
My soul, — must straight clap pinion, well-nigh roam  
A century back, nor once close plume, descry  
The appropriate rag to plunder, till she pounced —  
Pray, on what relic of a brain long still?  
What old-world work proved forage for the bill

Of memory the far-flyer? "March" announced,  
I verily believe, the dead and gone  
Name of a music-maker: one of such  
In England as did little or did much,  
But, doing, had their day once. Avison!  
Singly and solely for an air of thine,  
Bold-stepping "March," foot stept to ere my hand  
Could stretch an octave, I o'erlooked the band  
Of majesties familiar, to decline  
On thee — not too conspicuous on the list  
Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire  
Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire —  
Thou, whileom of Newcastle organist!

## III.

So much could one — well, thinnish air effect!  
Am I ungrateful? for, your March, styled "Grand,"  
Did veritably seem to grow, expand,  
And greaten up to title as, unchecked,  
Dream-marchers marched, kept marching, slow and sure,  
In time, to tune, unchangeably the same,  
From nowhere into nowhere, — out they came,  
Onward they passed, and in they went. No lure  
Of novel modulation pricked the flat  
Forthright persisting melody, — no hint  
That discord, sound asleep beneath the flint,  
Struck — might spring spark-like, claim due tit-for-tat,

Quenched in a concord. No! Yet, such the might  
Of quietude's immutability,  
That somehow coldness gathered warmth, well-nigh  
Quickened — which could not be! — grew burning-bright  
With fife-shriek, cymbal-clash and trumpet-blare,  
To drum-accentuation: pacing turned  
Striding, and striding grew gigantic, spurned  
At last the narrow space 'twixt earth and air,  
So shook me back into my sober self.

## IV.

And where woke I? The March had set me down  
There whence I plucked the measure, as his brown  
Frayed flannel-bit my blackcap. Great John Relfe,  
Master of mine, learned, redoubtable,  
It little needed thy consummate skill  
To fitly figure such a bass! The key  
Was — should not memory play me false — well, C.  
Ay, with the Greater Third, in Triple Time,  
Three crotchets to a bar: no change, I grant,  
Except from Tonic down to Dominant.  
And yet — and yet — if I could put in rhyme  
The manner of that marching! — which had stopped  
— I wonder, where? — but that my weak self dropped  
From out the ranks, to rub eyes disentranced  
And feel that, after all the way advanced,  
Back must I foot it, I and my compeers,

Only to reach, across a hundred years,  
The band'sman Avison whose little book  
And large tune thus had led me the long way  
(As late a rag my blackcap) from to-day  
And to-day's music-manufacture, — Brahms,  
Wagner, Dvorak, Liszt, — to where — trumpets, shawms,  
Show yourselves joyful! — Handel reigns — supreme?  
By no means! Buononcini's work is theme  
For fit laudation of the impartial few :  
(We stand in England, mind you!) Fashion too  
Favors Geminiani — of those choice  
Concertos: nor there wants a certain voice  
Raised in thy favor likewise, famed Pepusch  
Dear to our great-grandfathers! In a bush  
Of Doctor's wig, they prized thee timing beats  
While Greenway trilled "Alexis." Such were feats  
Of music in thy day — dispute who list —  
Avison, of Newcastle organist!

## v.

And here 's your music all alive once more —  
As once it was alive, at least: just so  
The figured worthies of a waxwork-show  
Attest — such people, years and years ago,  
Looked thus when outside death had life below,  
— Could say "We are now" not "We were of yore,"  
— "Feel how our pulses leap!" and not "Explore —

Explain why quietude has settled o'er  
 Surface once all-awork ! " Ay, such a " Suite "  
 Roused heart to rapture, such a " Fugue " would catch  
 Soul heavenwards up, when time was : why attach  
 Blame to exhausted faultlessness, no match  
 For fresh achievement ? Feat once — ever feat !  
 How can completion grow still more complete ?  
 Hear Avison ! He tenders evidence  
 That music in his day as much absorbed  
 Heart and soul then as Wagner's music now,  
 Perfect from centre to circumference —  
 Orbed to the full can be but fully orbed :  
 And yet — and yet — whence comes it that " O Thou " —  
 Sighed by the soul at eve to Hesperus —  
 Will not again take wing and fly away  
 (Since fatal Wagner fixed it fast for us)  
 In some unmodulated minor ? Nay,  
 Even by Handel's help !

## VI.

I state it thus :

There is no truer truth obtainable  
 By Man than comes of music. " Soul " — (accept  
 A word which vaguely names what no adept  
 In word-use fits and fixes so that still  
 Thing shall not slip word's fetter and remain  
 Innominate as first, yet, free again,

Is no less recognized the absolute  
Fact underlying that same other fact  
Concerning which no cavil can dispute  
Our nomenclature when we call it "Mind" —  
Something not Matter) — "Soul," who seeks shall find  
Distinct beneath that something. You exact  
An illustrative image? This may suit.

## VII.

We see a work : the worker works behind,  
Invisible himself. Suppose his act  
Be to o'erarch a gulf : he digs, transports,  
Shapes and, through enginery — all sizes, sorts,  
Lays stone by stone until a floor compact  
Proves our bridged causeway. So works Mind — by stress  
Of faculty, with loose facts, more or less,  
Builds up our solid knowledge : all the same,  
Underneath rolls what Mind may hide not tame,  
An element which works beyond our guess,  
Soul, the unsounded sea — whose lift of surge,  
Spite of all superstructure, lets emerge,  
In flower and foam, Feeling from out the deeps  
Mind arrogates no mastery upon —  
Distinct indisputably. Has there gone  
To dig up, drag forth, render smooth from rough  
Mind's flooring, — operosity enough?  
Still the successive labor of each inch,

Who lists may learn : from the last turn of winch  
That let the polished slab-stone find its place,  
To the first prod of pickaxe at the base  
Of the unquarried mountain, — what was all  
Mind's varied process except natural,  
Nay, easy even, to descry, describe,  
After our fashion ? “ So worked Mind : its tribe  
Of senses ministrant above, below,  
Far, near, or now or haply long ago  
Brought to pass knowledge.” But Soul's sea, — drawn whence,  
Fed how, forced whither, — by what evidence  
Of ebb and flow, that's felt beneath the tread,  
Soul has its course 'neath Mind's work overhead, —  
Who tells of, tracks to source the founts of Soul ?  
Yet wherefore heaving sway and restless roll  
This side and that, except to emulate  
Stability above ? To match and mate  
Feeling with knowledge, — make as manifest  
Soul's work as Mind's work, turbulence as rest,  
Hates, loves, joys, woes, hopes, fears, that rise and sink  
Ceaselessly, passion's transient flit and wink,  
A ripple's tinting or a spume-sheet's spread  
Whitening the wave, — to strike all this life dead,  
Run mercury into a mould like lead,  
And henceforth have the plain result to show —  
How we Feel, hard and fast as what we Know —  
This were the prize and is the puzzle ! — which



Music essays to solve : and here 's the hitch  
That balks her of full triumph else to boast.

## VIII.

All Arts endeavor this, and she the most  
Attains thereto, yet fails of touching : why ?  
Does Mind get Knowledge from Art's ministry ?  
What 's known once is known ever : Arts arrange,  
Dissociate, re-distribute, interchange  
Part with part, lengthen, broaden, high or deep  
Construct their bravest, — still such pains produce  
Change, not creation : simply what lay loose  
At first lies firmly after, what design  
Was faintly traced in hesitating line  
Once on a time, grows firmly resolute  
Henceforth and evermore. Now, could we shoot  
Liquidity into a mould, — some way  
Arrest Soul's evanescent moods, and keep  
Unalterably still the forms that leap  
To life for once by help of Art ! — which yearns  
To save its capture : Poetry discerns,  
Painting is 'ware of passion's rise and fall,  
Bursting, subsidence, intermixture — all  
A-seethe within the gulf. Each Art a-strain  
Would stay the apparition, — nor in vain :  
The Poet's word-mesh, Painter's sure and swift  
Color-and-line-throw — proud the prize they lift !

Thus felt Man and thus looked Man, — passions caught  
I' the midway swim of sea, — not much, if aught,  
Of nether-brooding loves, hates, hopes and fears,  
Enwombed past Art's disclosure. Fleet the years,  
And still the Poet's page holds Helena  
At gaze from topmost Troy — “ But where are they,  
My brothers, in the armament I name  
Hero by hero? Can it be that shame  
For their lost sister holds them from the war? ”  
— Knowing not they already slept afar  
Each of them in his own dear native land.  
Still on the Painter's fresco, from the hand  
Of God takes Eve the life-spark whereunto  
She trembles up from nothingness. Outdo  
Both of them, Music! Dredging deeper yet,  
Drag into day, — by sound, thy master-net, —  
The abysmal bottom-growth, ambiguous thing  
Unbroken of a branch, palpitating  
With limbs' play and life's semblance! There it lies,  
Marvel and mystery, of mysteries  
And marvels, most to love and laud thee for!  
Save it from chance and change we most abhor!  
Give momentary feeling permanence,  
So that thy capture hold, a century hence,  
Truth's very heart of truth as, safe to-day,  
The Painter's Eve the Poet's Helena  
Still rapturously bend, afar still throw

The wistful gaze ! Thanks, Homer, Angelo !  
Could Music rescue thus from Soul's profound,  
Give feeling immortality by sound,  
Then, were she queenliest of Arts ! Alas —  
As well expect the rainbow not to pass !  
“ Praise ‘ Radaminta ’ — love attains therein  
To perfect utterance ! Pity — what shall win  
Thy secret like ‘ Rinaldo ’ ? ” — so men said :  
Once all was perfume — now, the flower is dead —  
They spied tints, sparks have left the spar ! Love, hate,  
Joy, fear, survive, — alike importunate  
As ever to go walk the world again,  
Nor ghost-like pant for outlet all in vain  
Till Music loose them, fit each filmily  
With form enough to know and name it by  
For any recognizer sure of ken  
And sharp of ear, no grosser denizen  
Of earth than needs be. Nor to such appeal  
Is Music long obdurate : off they steal —  
How gently, dawn-doomed phantoms ! back come they  
Full-blooded with new crimson of broad day —  
Passion made palpable once more. Ye look  
Your last on Handel ? Gaze your first on Gluck !  
Why wistful search, O waning ones, the chart  
Of stars for you while Haydn, while Mozart  
Occupies heaven ? These also, fanned to fire,  
Flamboyant wholly, — so perfections tire, —

Whiten to wanness, till . . . let others note  
The ever-new invasion !

## IX.

I devote

Rather my modicum of parts to use  
What power may yet avail to re-infuse  
(In fancy, please you !) sleep that looks like death  
With momentary liveliness, lend breath  
To make the torpor half inhale. O Relfe,  
An all-unworthy pupil, from the shelf  
Of thy laboratory, dares unstop  
Bottle, ope box, extract thence pinch and drop  
Of dusts and dews a many thou didst shrine  
Each in its right receptacle, assign  
To each its proper office, letter large  
Label and label, then with solemn charge,  
Reviewing learnedly the list complete  
Of chemical reactives, from thy feet  
Push down the same to me, attent below,  
Power in abundance : armed wherewith I go  
To play the enliverer. Bring good antique stuff !  
Was it alight once ? Still lives spark enough  
For breath to quicken, run the smouldering ash  
Red right-through. What, "stone-dead" were fools so rash  
As style my Avison, because he lacked  
Modern appliance, spread out phrase unracked

By modulations fit to make each hair  
 Stiffen upon his wig? See there — and there!  
 I sprinkle my reactives, pitch broadcast  
 Discords and resolutions, turn aghast  
 Melody's easy-going, jostle law  
 With license, modulate (no Bach in awe)  
 Change enharmonically (Hudl to thank)  
 And lo, upstart the flamelets, — what was blank  
 Turns scarlet, purple, crimson! Straightway scanned  
 By eyes that like new lustre — Love once more  
 Yearns through the Largo, Hatred as before  
 Rages in the Rubato : e'en thy March  
 My Avison, which, sooth to say — (ne'er arch  
 Eyebrows in anger!) — timed, in Georgian years  
 The step precise of British Grenadiers  
 To such a nicety, — if score I crowd,  
 If rhythm I break, if beats I vary, — tap  
 At bar's off-starting turns true thunder-clap,  
 Ever the pace augmented till — what's here?  
 Titanic striding toward Olympus!

x.

Fear

No such irreverent innovation! Still  
 Glide on, go rolling, water-like, at will —  
 Nay, were thy melody in monotone,  
 The due three-parts dispensed with!

XI.

This alone  
Comes of my tiresome talking : Music's throne  
Seats somebody whom somebody unseats,  
And whom in turn — by who knows what new feats  
Of strength — shall somebody as sure push down,  
Consign him dispossessed of sceptre, crown,  
And orb imperial — whereto ? Never dream  
That what once lived shall ever die ! They seem  
Dead — do they ? lapsed things lost in limbo ? Bring  
Our life to kindle theirs, and straight each king  
Starts, you shall see, stands up, from head to foot  
No inch that is not Purcell ! Wherefore ? (Suit  
Measure to subject, first — no marching on  
Yet in thy bold C major, Avison,  
As suited step a minute since : no : wait —  
Into the minor key first modulate —  
Gently with A, now — in the Lesser Third !)

## XII.

Of all the lamentable debts incurred  
By Man through buying knowledge, this were worst :  
That he should find his last gain prove his first  
Was futile — merely nescience absolute,  
Not knowledge in the bud which holds a fruit  
Haply undreamed of in the soul's Spring-tide,

Purs'd in the petals Summer opens wide,  
And Autumn, withering, rounds to perfect ripe, —  
Not this, — but ignorance, a blur to wipe  
From human records, late it graced so much.  
“Truth — this attainment? Ah, but such and such  
Beliefs of yore seemed inexpugnable  
When we attained them! E'en as they, so will  
This their successor have the due morn, noon,  
Evening and night — just as an old-world tune  
Wears out and drops away, until who hears  
Smilingly questions — ‘This it was brought tears  
Once to all eyes, — this roused heart’s rapture once?’  
So will it be with truth that, for the nonce,  
Styles itself truth perennial: ’ware its wile!  
Knowledge turns nescience, — foremost on the file,  
Simply proves first of our delusions.”

## XIII.

Now —

Blare it forth, bold C major! Lift thy brow,  
Man, the immortal, that wast never fooled  
With gifts no gifts at all, nor ridiculed —  
Man knowing — he who nothing knew! As Hope,  
Fear, Joy, and Grief, — though ampler stretch and scope  
They seek and find in novel rhythm, fresh phrase, —  
Were equally existent in far days  
Of Music’s dim beginning — even so,

Truth was at full within thee long ago,  
Alive as now it takes what latest shape  
May startle thee by strangeness. Truths escape  
Time's insufficient garniture : they fade,  
They fall — those sheathings now grown sere, whose aid  
Was infinite to truth they wrapped, saved fine  
And free through March frost : May dews crystalline  
Nourish truth merely, — does June boast the fruit  
As — not new vesture merely but, to boot,  
Novel creation ? Soon shall fade and fall  
Myth after myth — the husk-like lies I call  
New truth's corolla-safeguard : Autumn comes,  
So much the better !

## XIV.

Therefore — bang the drums,  
Blow the trumps, Avison ! March-motive ? that's  
Truth which endures resetting. Sharps and flats,  
Lavish at need, shall dance athwart thy score  
When ophicleide and bombardon's uproar  
Mate the approaching trample, even now  
Big in the distance — or my ears deceive —  
Of federated England, fitly weave  
March-music for the Future !



## XV.

Or suppose  
Back, and not forward, transformation goes?  
Once more some sable-stoled procession — say,  
From Little-ease to Tyburn wends its way,  
Out of the dungeon to the gallows-tree  
Where heading, hacking, hanging is to be  
Of half-a-dozen recusants — this day  
Three hundred years ago! How duly drones  
Elizabethan plain-song — dim antique  
Grown clarion-clear the while I humbly wreak  
A classic vengeance on thy March! It moans —  
Larges and Longs and Breves displacing quite  
Crotchet-and-quaver pertness — brushing bars  
Aside and filling vacant sky with stars  
Hidden till now that day returns to night.

## XVI.

Nor night nor day: one purpose move us both,  
Be thy mood minê! As thou wast minded, Man's  
The cause our music champions: I were loth  
To think we cheered our troop to Preston Pans  
Ignobly: back to times of England's best!  
Parliament stands for privilege — life and limb  
Guards Hollis, Haselrig, Strode, Hampden, Pym,  
The famous Five. There's rumor of arrest.

Bring up the Train Bands, Southwark ! They protest :  
 Shall we not all join chorus ? Hark the hymn,  
 — Rough, rude, robustious — homely heart a-throb,  
 Harsh voice a-hallo, as beseems the mob !  
 How good is noise ! what 's silence but despair  
 Of making sound match gladness never there ?  
 Give me some great glad "subject," glorious Bach,  
 Where cannon-roar not organ-peal we lack !  
 Join in, give voice robustious rude and rough, —  
 Avison helps — so heart lend noise enough !

Fife, trumpet, drum, sound ! and singers then  
 Marching say "Pym, the man of men !"  
 Up, heads, your proudest — out, throats, your loudest —  
 "Somerset's Pym !"

Strafford from the block, Eliot from the den,  
 Foes, friends, shout "Pym, our citizen !"  
 Wail, the foes he quelled, — hail, the friends he held,  
 "Tavistock's Pym !"

Hearts prompt heads, hands that ply the pen  
 Teach babes unborn the where and when  
 — Tyrants, he braved them, — patriots, he saved them —  
 "Westminster's Pym !"

*Lustily.*

The musical score is written for a grand staff (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked *Lustily.* The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The notation includes various rhythmic values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings (piano, *p.*). The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord in the bass staff.



FUST AND HIS FRIENDS

AN EPILOGUE



# FUST AND HIS FRIENDS

(Inside the House of Fust, Mayence, 1457.)

FIRST FRIEND.

Up, up, up — next step of the staircase  
Lands us, lo, at the chamber of dread !

SECOND FRIEND.

Locked and barred ?

THIRD FRIEND.

Door open — the rare case !

FOURTH FRIEND.

Ay, there he leans — lost wretch !

FIFTH FRIEND.

His head  
Sunk on his desk 'twixt his arms outspread !

SIXTH FRIEND.

Hallo, — wake, man, ere God thunderstrike Mayence  
— Mulet for thy sake who art Satan's, John Fust !

Satan installed here, God's rule in abeyance,  
 Mayence some morning may crumble to dust.  
 Answer our questions thou shalt and thou must!

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

Softly and fairly! Wherefore a-gloom?  
 Greet us, thy gossipry, cousin and sib!  
 Raise the forlorn brow, Fust! Make room —  
 Let daylight through arms which, enfolding thee, crib  
 From those clenched lids the comfort of sunshine!

## FIRST FRIEND.

So glib

Thy tongue slides to "comfort" already? Not mine!  
 Behoves us deal roundly: the wretch is distraught  
 — Too well I guess wherefore! Behoves a Divine  
 — Such as I, by grace, boast me — to threaten one caught  
 In the enemy's toils, — setting "comfort" at nought.

## SECOND FRIEND.

Nay, Brother, so hasty? I heard — nor long since —  
 Of a certain Black Art'sman who, — helplessly bound  
 By rash pact with Satan, — through paying — why mince  
 The matter? — fit price to the Church, — safe and sound  
 Full a year after death in his grave-clothes was found.

Whereas 't is notorious the Fiend claims his due  
 During lifetime, — comes clawing, with talons aflame,



The soul from the flesh-rags left smoking and blue :

So it happed with John Faust ; lest John Fust fare the  
same, —

Look up, I adjure thee by God's holy name !

For neighbors and friends — no foul hell-brood flock we !

Saith Solomon " Words of the wise are as goads : "

Ours prick but to startle from torpor, set free

Soul and sense from death's drowse !

FIRST FRIEND.

And soul, wakened, unloads  
Much sin by confession : no mere palinodes !

— " I was youthful and wanton, am old yet no sage :

When angry I cursed, struck and slew : did I want ?

Right and left did I rob : though no war I dared wage

With the Church (God forbid !) — harm her least minis-  
trant —

Still I outraged all else. Now that strength is grown scant,

I am probity's self " — no such bleatings as these !

But avowal of guilt so enormous, it balks

Tongue's telling. Yet penitence prompt may appease

God's wrath at thy bond with the Devil who stalks

— Strides hither to strangle thee !

FUST.

Childhood so talks. —

Not rare wit nor ripe age — ye boast them, my neighbors! —

Should lay such a charge on your townsman, this Fust  
Who, known for a life spent in pleasures and labors  
If freakish yet venial, could scarce be induced  
To traffic with fiends.

FIRST FRIEND.

So, my words have unloosed

A plie from those pale lips corrugate but now?

FUST.

Lost count me, yet not as ye lean to surmise.

FIRST FRIEND.

To surmise? to establish! Unbury that brow!

Look up, that thy judge may read clear in thine eyes!

SECOND FRIEND.

By your leave, Brother Barnabite! Mine to advise!

— Who arraign thee, John Fust! What was bruited erewhile  
Now bellows through Mayence. All cry — thou hast trucked  
Salvation away for lust's solace! Thy smile  
Takes its hue from hell's smoulder!

FUST.

Too certain ! I sucked  
— Got drunk at the nipple of sense.

SECOND FRIEND.

Thou hast ducked —

Art drowned there, say rather ! Faugh — fleshly disport !  
How else but by help of Sir Belial didst win  
That Venus-like lady, no drudge of thy sort  
Could lure to become his accomplice in sin ?  
Folks nicknamed her Helen of Troy !

FIRST FRIEND.

Best begin

At the very beginning. Thy father, — all knew,  
A mere goldsmith . . .

FUST.

Who knew him, perchance may know this —  
He dying left much gold and jewels no few :  
Whom these help to court-with, but seldom shall miss  
The love of a leman : true witchcraft, I wis !

FIRST FRIEND.

Dost flout me ? 'T is said, in debauchery's guild  
Admitted prime guttler and guzzler — O swine ! —

To honor thy headship, those tosspots so swilled  
That out of their table there sprouted a vine  
Whence each claimed a cluster, awaiting thy sign

To out knife, off mouthful : when — who could suppose  
Such malice in magic ? — each sot woke and found  
Cold steel but an inch from the neighbor's red nose  
He took for a grape-bunch !

FUST.

Does that so astound  
Sagacity such as ye boast, — who surround

Your mate with eyes staring, hairs standing erect  
At his magical feats ? Are good burghers unversed  
In the humors of toping ? Full oft, I suspect,  
Ye, counting your fingers, call thumbkin their first,  
And reckon a groat every guilder disbursed.

What marvel if wags, while the skinker fast brimmed  
Their glass with rare tipples' enticement, should gloat  
— Befooled and befuddled — through optics drink-dimmed —  
On this draught and that, till each found in his throat  
Our Rhenish smack rightly as Raphal ? For, note —

They fancied — their fuddling deceived them so grossly —  
That liquor sprang out of the table itself

Through gimlet-holes drilled there, — nor noticed how closely  
The skinker kept plying my guests, from the shelf  
O'er their heads, with the potable madness. No elf

Had need to persuade them a vine rose umbrageous,  
Fruit-bearing, thirst-quenching! Enough! I confess  
To many such fool-pranks, but none so outrageous  
That Satan was called in to help me : excess  
I own to, I grieve at — no more and no less.

## SECOND FRIEND.

Strange honors were heaped on thee — medal for breast,  
Chain for neck, sword for thigh : not a lord of the land  
But acknowledged thee peer! What ambition possessed  
A goldsmith by trade, with craft's grime on his hand,  
To seek such associates?

## FUST.

Spare taunts! Understand —

I submit me! Of vanities under the sun,  
Pride seized me at last as concupiscence first,  
Crapulosity ever : true Fiends, everyone,  
Haled this way and that my poor soul : thus amerced —  
Forgive and forget me!

## FIRST FRIEND.

Had flesh sinned the worst,

Yet help were in counsel: the Church could absolve:  
 But say not men truly thou barredst escape  
 By signing and sealing . . .

## SECOND FRIEND.

On me must devolve  
 The task of extracting . . .

## FIRST FRIEND.

Shall Barnabites ape  
 Us Dominican experts?

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

Nay, Masters, — agape

When Hell yawns for a soul, 't is myself claim the task  
 Of extracting, by just one plain question, God's truth!  
 Where's Peter Genesheim thy partner? I ask  
 Why, cloistered up still in thy room, the pale youth  
 Slaves tongue-tied — thy trade brooks no tattling forsooth!

No less he, thy *famulus*, suffers entrapping,  
 Succumbs to good fellowship: barrel a-broach  
 Runs freely nor needs any subsequent tapping:  
 Quoth Peter "That room, none but I dare approach,  
 Holds secrets will help me to ride in my coach."

He prattles, we profit : in brief, he assures

Thou hast taught him to speak so that all men may hear  
— Each alike, wide world over, Jews, Pagans, Turks, Moors,

The same as we Christians — speech heard far and near  
At one and the same magic moment !

FUST.

That 's clear !

Said he — how ?

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Is it like he was licensed to learn ?

Who doubts but thou dost this by aid of the Fiend ?  
Is it so ? So it is, for thou smilest ! Go, burn

To ashes, since such proves thy portion, unscreened  
By bell, book and candle ! Yet lately I weened

Balm yet was in Gilead, — some healing in store

For the friend of my bosom. Men said thou wast sunk  
In a sudden despondency : not, as before,

Fust gallant and gay with his pottle and punk,  
But sober, sad, sick as one yesterday drunk !

FUST.

Spare Fust, then, thus contrite ! — who, youthful and healthy

Equipped for life's struggle with culture of mind,  
Sound flesh and sane soul in coherence, born wealthy,

Nay, wise — how he wasted endowment designed  
For the glory of God and the good of mankind !

That much were misused such occasions of grace

Ye well may upbraid him, who bows to the rod.

But this should bid anger to pity give place —

He has turned from the wrong, in the right path to plod,  
Makes amends to mankind and craves pardon of God.

Yea, friends, even now from my lips the “*Heureka* —

Soul saved !” was nigh bursting — unduly elate !

*Have* I brought Man advantage, or hatched — so to speak — a

Strange serpent, no cygnet ? ’T is this I debate

Within me. Forbear, and leave Fust to his fate !

FIRST FRIEND.

So abject, late lofty ? Methinks I spy respite.

Make clean breast, discover what mysteries hide

In thy room there !

SECOND FRIEND.

Ay, out with them ! Do Satan despite !

Remember what caused his undoing was pride !

FIRST FRIEND.

Dumb devil ! Remains one resource to be tried !

SECOND FRIEND.

Exorcise !

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Nay, first — is there any remembers



In substance that potent "*Ne pulvis*" — a psalm  
 Whereof some live spark haply lurks mid the embers  
 Which choke in my brain. Talk of "Gilead and balm" ?  
 I mind me, sung half through, this gave such a qualm

To Asmodeus inside of a Hussite, that, queasy,  
 He broke forth in brimstone with curses. I'm strong  
 In — at least the commencement : the rest should go easy,  
 Friends helping. "*Ne pulvis et ignis*" . . .

SIXTH FRIEND.

All wrong !

FIFTH FRIEND.

I've conned till I captured the whole.

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Get along !

"*Ne pulvis et cinis superbe te geras,*  
*Nam fulmina*" . . .

SIXTH FRIEND.

Fiddlestick ! Peace, dolts and dorrs !  
 Thus runs it "*Ne Numinis fulmina feras*" —  
 Then "*Hominis perfidi justa sunt sors*  
*Fulmen et grando et horrida mors.*"

SEVENTH FRIEND.

You blunder. "*Irati ne.*" . . .

## SIXTH FRIEND.

Mind your own business !

## FIFTH FRIEND.

I do not so badly, who gained the monk's leave  
To study an hour his choice parchment. A dizziness  
May well have surprised me. No Christian dares thiefe,  
Or I scarce had returned him his treasure. These cleave :

“ *Nos pulvis et cinis, trementes, gementes,  
Venimus* ” — some such word — “ *ad te, Domine !  
Da lumen, juvamen, ut sancta sequentes  
Cor . . . corda* ” . . . Plague take it !

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

— “ *erecta sint spe :* ”

Right text, ringing rhyme, and ripe Latin for me !

## SIXTH FRIEND.

A Canon's self wrote it me fair : I was tempted  
To part with the sheepskin.

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

Didst grasp and let go  
Such a godsend, thou Judas ? My purse had been emptied  
Ere part with the prize !

FUST.

Do I dream? Say ye so?

Clouds break, then! Move, world! I have gained my "*Pou  
sto*"!

I am saved: Archimedes, salute me!

OMNES.

Assistance!

Help, Angels! He summons . . . Aroint thee! — by name,  
His familiar!

FUST.

Approach!

OMNES.

Devil, keep thy due distance!

FUST.

Be tranquillized, townsmen! The knowledge ye claim  
Behold, I prepare to impart. Praise or blame, —

Your blessing or banning, whatever betide me,  
At last I accept. The slow travail of years,  
The long-teeming brain's birth — applaud me, deride me, —  
At last claims revealment. Wait!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Wait till appears  
Uncaged Archimedes coop'd-up there?

SECOND FRIEND.

Who fears?

Here 's have at thee!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Correctly now! "*Pulvis et cinis*" . . .

FUST.

The verse ye so value, it happens I hold  
In my memory safe from *initium* to *finis*.

Word for word, I produce you the whole, plain enrolled,  
Black letters, white paper — no scribe's red and gold!

OMNES.

Aroint thee!

FUST.

I go and return. (*He enters the inner room.*)

FIRST FRIEND.

Ay, 't is "*ibis*"

No doubt: but as boldly "*redibis*" — who 'll say?  
I rather conjecture "*in Orco peribis*!"

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

Come, neighbors !

## SIXTH FRIEND.

I'm with you ! Show courage and stay  
Hell's outbreak ? Sirs, cowardice here wins the day !

## FIFTH FRIEND.

What luck had that student of Bamberg who ventured  
To peep in the cell where a wizard of note  
Was busy in getting some black deed debentured  
By Satan ? In dog's guise there sprang at his throat  
A flame-breathing fury. Fust favors, I note,  
  
An ugly huge lurcher !

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

If I placed reliance  
As thou, on the beads thou art telling so fast,  
I'd risk just a peep through the keyhole.

## SIXTH FRIEND.

Appliance  
Of ear might be safer. Five minutes are past.

## OMNES.

Saints, save us ! The door is thrown open at last !

FUST (*re-enters, the door closing behind him*).

As I promised, behold I perform ! Apprehend you  
The object I offer is poison or pest ?  
Receive without harm from the hand I extend you  
A gift that shall set every scruple at rest !  
Shrink back from mere paper-strips ? Try them and test !

Still hesitate ? Myk, was it thou who lamentedst  
Thy five wits clean failed thee to render aright  
A poem read once and no more ? — who repentedst  
Vile pelf had induced thee to banish from sight  
The characters none but our clerics indite ?

Take and keep !

FIRST FRIEND.

Blessed Mary and all Saints about her !

SECOND FRIEND.

What imps deal so deftly, — five minutes suffice  
To play thus the penman ?

THIRD FRIEND.

By Thomas the Doubter,  
Five minutes, no more !

FOURTH FRIEND.

Out on arts that entice  
Such scribes to do homage !

## FIFTH FRIEND.

Stay! Once — and now twice —

Yea, a third time, my sharp eye completes the inspection

Of line after line, the whole series, and finds

Each letter join each — not a fault for detection!

Such upstrokes, such downstrokes, such strokes of all kinds  
In the criss-cross, all perfect!

## SIXTH FRIEND.

There's nobody minds

His quill-craft with more of a conscience, o'erscratches

A sheepskin more nimbly and surely with ink,

Than Paul the Sub-Prior: here's paper that matches

His parchment with letter on letter, no link

Overleapt — underlost!

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

No erasure, I think —

No blot, I am certain!

## FUST.

Accept the new treasure!

## SIXTH FRIEND.

I remembered full half!

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

But who other than I  
(Bear witness, bystanders!) when he broke the measure  
Repaired fault with "*fulmen*"?

## FUST.

Put bickerings by!  
Here's for thee — thee — and thee, too: at need a supply

*(distributing Proofs)*

For Mayence, though seventy times seven should muster!  
How now? All so feeble of faith that no face  
Which fronts me but whitens — or yellows, were juster?  
Speak out lest I summon my Spirits!

## OMNES.

Grace — grace!  
Call none of thy — helpmates! We'll answer apace!

My paper — and mine — and mine also — they vary  
In nowise — agree in each tittle and jot!  
Fust, how — why was this?



FUST.

Shall such “*Cur*” miss a “*quare*”?

Within, there! Throw doors wide! Behold who complot  
To abolish the scribe’s work — blur, blunder and blot!

*(The doors open, and the Press is discovered in operation.)*

Brave full-bodied birth of this brain that conceived thee  
In splendor and music, — sustained the slow drag  
Of the days stretched to years dim with doubt, — yet believed  
thee,

Had faith in thy first leap of life! Pulse might flag —  
— Mine fluttered how faintly! — Arch-moment might lag

Its longest — I bided, made light of endurance,  
Held hard by the hope of an advent which — dreamed,  
Is done now : night yields to the dawn’s reassurance :

I have thee — I hold thee — my fancy that seemed,  
My fact that proves palpable! Ay, Sirs, I schemed

Completion that’s fact : see this Engine — be witness  
Yourselves of its working! Nay, handle my Types!  
Each block bears a Letter : in order and fitness

I range them. Turn, Peter, the winch! See, it gripes  
’What’s under! Let loose — draw! In regular stripes

Lies plain, at one pressure, your poem — touched, tinted,  
Turned out to perfection! The sheet, late a blank,  
Filled — ready for reading, — not written but PRINTED!  
Omniscient omnipotent God, Thee I thank,  
Thee ever, Thee only! — Thy creature that shrank

From no task Thou, Creator, imposedst! Creation  
Revealed me no object, from insect to Man,  
But bore Thy hand's impress: earth glowed with salvation:  
“Hast sinned? Be thou saved, Fust! Continue my plan,  
Who spake and earth was: with my word things began.

“As sound so went forth, to the sight be extended  
Word's mission henceforward! The task I assign,  
Embrace — thy allegiance to evil is ended!  
Have cheer, soul impregnate with purpose! Combine  
Soul and body, give birth to my concept — called thine!

“Far and wide, North and South, East and West, have  
dominion

O'er thought, winged wonder, O Word! Traverse world  
In sun-flash and sphere-song! Each beat of thy pinion  
Bursts night, beckons day: once Truth's banner unfurled,  
Where's Falsehood? Sun-smitten, to nothingness hurled!”

More humbly — so, friends, did my fault find redemption.  
I sinned, soul-entailed by the tether of sense:

My captor reigned master : I plead no exemption  
From Satan's award to his servant : defence  
From the fiery and final assault would be — whence ?

By making — as man might — to truth restitution !  
Truth is God : trample lies and lies' father, God's foe !  
Fix fact fast : truths change by an hour's revolution :  
What deed's very doer, unaided, can show  
How 't was done a year — month — week — day — minute ago ?

At best, he relates it — another reports it —  
A third — nay, a thousandth records it : and still  
Narration, tradition, no step but distorts it,  
As down from truth's height it goes sliding until  
At the low level lie-mark it stops — whence no skill

Of the scribe, intervening too tardily, rescues  
— Once fallen — lost fact from lie's fate there. What scribe  
— Eyes horny with poring, hands crippled with desk-use,  
Brains fretted by fancies — the volatile tribe  
That tease weary watchers — can boast that no bribe

Shuts eye and frees hand and remits brain from toiling ?  
Truth gained — can we stay, at whatever the stage,  
'Truth a-slide, — save her snow from its ultimate soiling  
In mire, — by some process, stamp promptly on page  
Fact spoiled by pen's plodding, make truth heritage

Not merely of clerics but poured out, full measure,  
On clowns — every mortal endowed with a mind ?  
Read, gentle and simple ! Let labor win leisure  
At last to bid truth do all duty assigned,  
Not pause at the noble but pass to the hind !

How bring to effect such swift sure simultaneous  
Unlimited multiplication ? How spread  
By an arm-sweep a hand-throw — no helping extraneous —  
Truth broadcast o'er Europe ? “ The goldsmith ” I said  
“ Graves limning on gold : why not letters on lead ? ”

So, Tuscan artificer, grudge not thy pardon  
To me who played false, made a furtive descent,  
Found the sly secret work-shop, — thy genius kept guard on  
Too slackly for once, — and surprised thee low-bent  
O'er thy labor — some chalice thy tool would indent

With a certain free scroll-work framed round by a border  
Of foliage and fruitage : no scratching so fine,  
No shading so shy but, in ordered disorder,  
Each flourish came clear, — unbewildered by shine,  
On the gold, irretrievably right, lay each line.

How judge if thy hand worked thy will ? By reviewing,  
Revising again and again, piece by piece,  
Tool's performance, — this way, as I watched. 'T was throu  
glueing

A paper-like film-stuff — thin, smooth, void of crease,  
On each cut of the graver: press hard! at release,

No mark on the plate but the paper showed double:

His work might proceed: as he judged — space or speck  
Up he filled, forth he flung — was relieved thus from trouble  
Lest wrong — once — were right never more: what could  
check

Advancement, completion? Thus lay at my beck —

At my call — triumph likewise! “For” cried I “what hinders  
That graving turns Printing? Stamp one word — not one  
But fifty such, phoenix-like, spring from death’s cinders, —  
Since death is word’s doom, clerics hide from the sun  
As some churl closets up this rare chalice.” Go, run

Thy race now, Fust’s child! High, O Printing, and holy  
Thy mission! These types, see, I chop and I change  
Till the words, every letter, a pageful, not slowly  
Yet surely lies fixed: last of all, I arrange  
A paper beneath, stamp it, loosen it!

FIRST FRIEND.

Strange!

SECOND FRIEND.

How simple exceedingly!

FUST.

Bustle, my Schœfer!

Set type,— quick, Genesheim! Turn screw now!

THIRD FRIEND.

Just that!

FOURTH FRIEND.

And no such vast miracle!

FUST.

“ Plough with my heifer,

Ye find out my riddle,” quoth Samson, and pat

He speaks to the purpose. Grapes squeezed in the vat

Yield to sight and to taste what is simple — a liquid  
Mere urchins may sip: but give time, let ferment —You ’ve wine, manhood’s master! Well, “*rectius si quid*  
*Novistis impertite!*” Wait the event,

Then weigh the result! But, whate’er Thy intent,

O Thou, the one force in the whole variation

Of visible nature, — at work — do I doubt? —

From Thy first to our last, in perpetual creation —

A film hides us from Thee — ’twixt inside and out,

A film, on this earth where Thou bringest about

New marvels, new forms of the glorious, the gracious,

We bow to, we bless for: no star bursts heaven’s dome

But Thy finger impels it, no weed peeps audacious  
Earth's clay-floor from out, but Thy finger makes room  
For one world's-want the more in Thy Cosmos : presume

Shall Man, Microcosmos, to claim the conception  
Of grandeur, of beauty, in thought, word or deed ?  
I toiled, but Thy light on my dubious step shone :  
If I reach the glad goal, is it I who succeed  
Who stumbled at starting tripped up by a reed,

Or Thou ? Knowledge only and absolute, glory  
As utter be Thine who concedest a spark  
Of Thy spheric perfection to earth's transitory  
Existences ! Nothing that lives, but Thy mark  
Gives law to — life's light : what is doomed to the dark ?

Where's ignorance ? Answer, creation ! What height,  
What depth has escaped Thy commandment — to Know ?  
What birth in the ore-bed but answers aright  
Thy sting at its heart which impels — bids " E'en so,  
Not otherwise move or be motionless, — grow,

" Decline, disappear ! " Is the plant in default  
How to bud, when to branch forth ? The bird and the beast  
— Do they doubt if their safety be found in assault  
Or escape ? Worm or fly, of what atoms the least  
But follows light's guidance, — will famish, not feast ?

In such various degree, fly and worm, ore and plant,  
 All know, none is ignorant : round each, a wall  
 Encloses the portion, or ample or scant,  
 Of Knowledge : beyond which one hair's breadth, for all  
 Lies blank — not so much as a blackness — a pall

Some sense unimagined must penetrate : plain  
 Is only old license to stand, walk or sit,  
 Move so far and so wide in the narrow domain  
 Allotted each nature for life's use : past it  
 How immensity spreads does he guess ? Not a whit.

Does he care ? Just as little. Without ? No, within  
 Concerns him : he Knows. Man Ignores — thanks to Thee  
 Who madest him know, but — in knowing — begin  
 To know still new vastness of knowledge must be  
 Outside him — to enter, to traverse, in fee

Have and hold ! “ Oh, Man's ignorance ! ” hear the fool whine !  
 How were it, for better or worse, didst thou grunt  
 Contented with sapience — the lot of the swine  
 Who knows he was born for just truffles to hunt ? —  
 Monks' Paradise — “ *Semper sint res uti sunt !* ”

No, Man's the prerogative — knowledge once gained —  
 To ignore, — find new knowledge to press for, to swerve  
 In pursuit of, no, not for a moment : attained —



Why, onward through ignorance ! Dare and deserve !  
As still to its asymptote speedeth the curve,

So approximates Man — Thee, who, reachable not,  
Hast formed him to yearningly follow Thy whole  
Sole and single omniscience !

Such, friends, is my lot :

I am back with the world : one more step to the goal  
Thanks for reaching I render — Fust's help to Man's soul !

Mere mechanical help ? So the hand gives a toss  
To the falcon, — aloft once, spread pinions and fly,  
Beat air far and wide, up and down and across !

My Press strains a-tremble : whose masterful eye  
Will be first, in new regions, new truth to descry ?

Give chase, soul ! Be sure each new capture consigned  
To my Types will go forth to the world, like God's bread  
— Miraculous food not for body but mind,

Truth's manna ! How say you ? Put case that, instead  
Of old leasing and lies, we superiorly fed

These Heretics, Hussites . . .

FIRST FRIEND.

First answer my query !

If saved, art thou happy ?

FUST.

I was and I am.

FIRST FRIEND.

Thy visage confirms it : how comes, then, that — weary  
And woe-begone late — was it show, was it sham ? —  
We found thee sunk thiswise ?

SECOND FRIEND.

— In need of the dram

From the flask which a provident neighbor might carry !

FUST.

Ah, friends, the fresh triumph soon flickers, fast fades !  
I hailed Word's dispersion : could heartleaps but tarry !  
Through me does Print furnish Truth wings ? The same aids  
Cause Falsehood to range just as widely. What raids

On a region undreamed of does Printing enable  
Truth's foe to effect ! Printed leasing and lies  
May speed to the world's farthest corner — gross fable  
No less than pure fact — to impede, neutralize,  
Abolish God's gift and Man's gain !

FIRST FRIEND.

Dost surmise

What struck me at first blush? Our Beghards, Waldenses,  
 Jeronimites, Hussites — does one show his head,  
 Spout heresy now? Not a priest in his senses  
 Deigns answer mere speech, but piles fagots instead,  
 Refines as by fire, and, him silenced, all 's said.

Whereas if in future I pen an opusculè  
 Defying retort, as of old when rash tongues  
 Were easy to tame, — straight some knave of the Huss-School  
 Prints answer forsooth! Stop invisible lungs?  
 The barrel of blasphemy broached once, who bungs?

## SECOND FRIEND.

Does my sermon, next Easter, meet fitting acceptance?  
 Each captious disputative boy has his quirk  
 “*An cuique credendum sit?*” Well, the Church kept “*ans*”  
 In order till Fust set his engine at work!  
 What trash will come flying from Jew, Moor, and Turk  
 When, goosequill, thy reign o’er the world is abolished!  
 Goose — ominous name! With a goose woe began:  
 Quoth Huss — which means “goose” in his idiom unpolished —  
 “Ye burn now a Goose: there succeeds me a Swan  
 Ye shall find quench your fire!”

## FUST.

I foresee such a man.



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